





No. 657

THE
YANKEE CONSCRIPT;

OR,
EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN DIXIE.

BY GEORGE ADAMS FISHER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY REV. WILLIAM DICKSON.



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PREFACE.

My design in presenting the following narrative is to give to the public a brief, plain, and unpretending account of what I know respecting the treatment which Union men receive from the hands of the Secessionists; the sentiments and feelings of the soldiers of the Confederate States respecting the war; and my own escape after having been conscripted and forced into the ranks of the Rebel army. I shall narrate facts simply. I shall tell the reader how I was first foiled in my attempt to escape to the lines of the Union army; how, after some weeks, I obtained possession of a miller's certificate of exemption, and traveled upwards of two hundred and forty miles on it; how I was taken, put under arrest, and guarded all night by six provost guards, tried, and in great danger of being recognized as a deserter and shot. I shall give some account of my subsequent adventures in the army of General Raines, of my escape and safe arrival, after enduring many hardships, within the lines of the army of General Schofield.

For some time I hesitated to write the following

pages, for the reason that being a citizen of Texas, and intending to return to that State after the war, I feared the consequences which might result from publishing this narrative. But being frequently and earnestly solicited to write, I finally determined to do so.

Some apology is due for the style of the book. Being engaged in teaching school during the time that I was preparing the following pages for publication, I did most of my writing in the evening, amidst the annoyance of family reading and conversation. Sometimes I became so discouraged in the preparation of my story, which was to me an arduous undertaking, that I would probably have abandoned my task, had it not been for the hope that it might be the means of convincing some honest men who are led astray by designing and unprincipled politicians, who claim to be "Constitutional Union" men, but who do more to baffle the Government and encourage the rebels than any other class.

These remarks are not made to deprecate criticism, but in order to bespeak the candor of that large class of readers who are willing to be pleased with the best efforts that can reasonably be expected from one who has labored under so many difficulties.

GEORGE A. FISHER.

Calcutta, Ohio, May, 1864.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

The Author's Birth—Parentage—Pious Mother—Education—The Book Needed—State of Society in the South—Truthfulness of the Narrative—The Author's Moderation. - - - - - - - 11—17

CHAPTER I.

Leave Home—The Lost Brother—A Strange Letter—The Journey—Arrive in Texas—Return to St. Louis—Winter in Illinois—The Beauties of Slavery—Return to Texas—Traveling Companions—Buying Stock—Annoyances—Stampede—Sickness—Lost Brother Found—Married—Trading—An Incident—Texan Society—Four Classes—Prejudices—A Surprise. - - - - 19—30

CHAPTER II.

Great Excitement—Southern Stump Speakers—Wigfall—A Journey—Curing Buffalo Meat—An Incident—House Burning—Abolitionism—Preparation for Rebellion—Prairie Matches—John Smith and Bill Jones—Tortures—Lynching—Correspondence with Friends Dangerous—The Day-Book—Voting—Election of Lincoln—Speeches again—Families Leaving the State—Preparing for War—Trading Lands—Drafting—Impressments. 31—52

CHAPTER III.

New Excitements—Raiding—Bereavements—Change of Location—Mob Law again—Movements of Troops—Conscript Law Passed—Opposition to the Law—A Union Man and his Mode of Reasoning—Other Unionists of Note—Droving—Fright of the Rebels at Little Rock—Sickness in the Rebel Army. - - - 53—75

CHAPTER IV.

Martial Law in Arkansas—Hunting Conscripts with Bloodhounds—Arrival of Troops from Texas—Buying Leather—Major Lewis and his Negro Wife—Southern Slanders of Northern Women—Amalgamation—Jim Lane—Suspicious Characters—Return to Texas—Martial Law in Texas—Passes—Plans of Union Men to Escape—Oath of Allegiance—In a Trap, and how to get out of it. 76—89

CHAPTER V.

Still in the Trap—Captain Schneider—Captain Wells—Conscripts *vs* Volunteers—Captain Welch—Marching—Dallas Fair Grounds—Arrest of a Volunteer—Prejudice against Foreigners—Camanche and Texan Feats of Horsemanship—Preference for the Cavalry Service. 90—107

CHAPTER VI.

Volunteering at the Beginning of the War—More Calls for Men and less Inclination to Respond—Plans to Prevent an Outbreak in Texas—Filling Requisitions for Men—Speeches to Encourage the Conscripts—Guarding against Mutiny—Rebel Destitution—Negroes—Their Sentiments—Their Number. - - - 108—119

CHAPTER VII.

Plans of Escape—Dangers of the Attempt—Send for my Brother—Miller's Certificate of Exemption—Feign Sickness—Interview with Captain Schneider—Obtain a Furlough—Set out for Denton—The Journey—Meet my Brother again—Sell the Remainder of my Property—Troubles and Dangers of Enrolling Officers—Speculation—Letter to Captain Schneider—Reflections—Discussion about the Miller's Certificate—Schemes to obtain Possession of Luginbyhl's Certificate—My Brother's Adventure. - - - - - 120—136

CHAPTER VIII.

A Race and a Hunt—Guarding against a Surprise—The Miller's Certificate Secured—Farewell—The Journey Begun—Value of Liberty known when Lost—Date of Furlough changed—Final Parting—A Lonely Pilgrim—Acting Rebel—Tricks of Negroes—A Hunter's Paradise—A big Corn Crop—Farewell to Texas. - 137—151

CHAPTER IX.

Travels and Adventures in the Indian Country—Precautions against Discovery—In Arkansas—Apples, Peaches and Company—Close Questioning—Seeking for Information—Dress—Anxiety—A Missouri Rebel—A Letter—Clay Eaters—Difficulty in Crossing the River—Over the River—In a Net—Unwelcome Visitors—Arrested.
152—169

CHAPTER X.

Making the Best of it—News of the Fugitives from Fan-
nin County—Guards make Arrangements for Sleep—
Precautions against Detection—A Curious Quid—Before
the Provost Marshal—His Decision—Further Question-
ing—Another Prisoner—Familiar Conversation with the
Provost Marshal—Reversal of the Marshal's Decision—
Sent to Colonel Bass—A Joke—Close Questioning—
Again a Conscript. - - - - - 170—188

CHAPTER XI.

More Inquisitors—A Battle in Progress—A Forced March
—Camping for the Night—Glee of the Troops—A New
Name Troublesome—Incidents of the March—Prisoners
—Execution of Deserters—Ordered to Keetsville—Old
Camps—An Alarm and a Scare—Retreat to Frogg's
Bayou—Sent out on Picket—At the Mill—Gathering
Corn—The Drove of Hogs—Escape. - - - 189—207

CHAPTER XII.

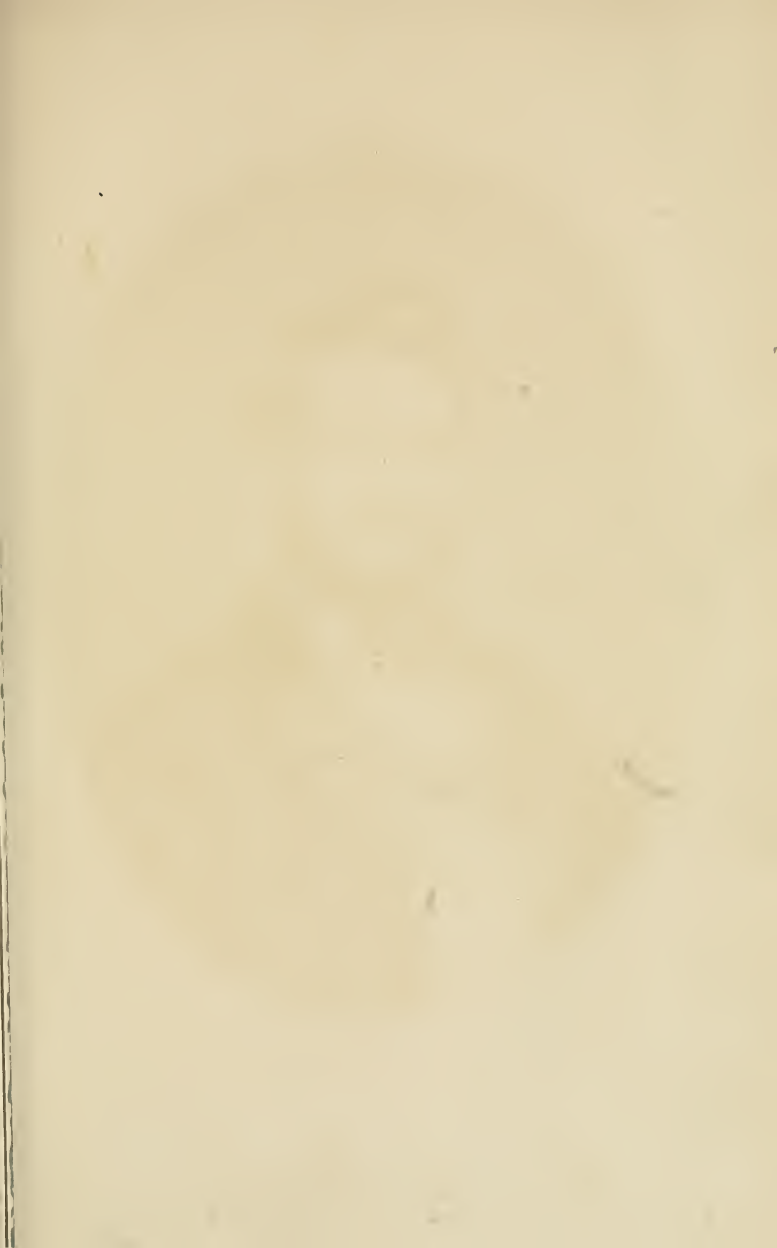
My Horse left behind—Celerity of Movements—Precautions against Surprise—A Hard Road to Travel—A Friendly Tree—A Comfortless Rest—Lost—An Alarm—Tight Boots in the Wrong Place—Still Bewildered—A Stranger—A Dreary Night—The Wrong Way seems the Right Way—A Narrow Escape—Close to a whole Regiment of Rebels—A Bed in a Thicket—Lost Watch—A Talk with Rebel Women—Union Men—How I Lived on the Way. - - - - - 208—226

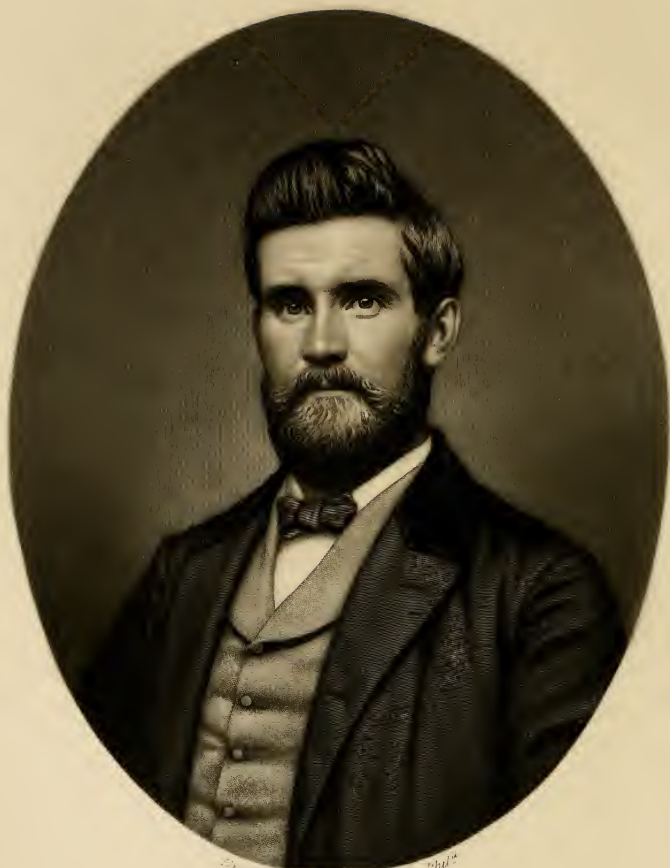
CHAPTER XIII.

Fireside Conversation—Bushwhacking—Mr. Ray—A Temporary Cripple—Meet the Union Soldiers—A Contrast—Cassville—Report to General Schofield—Prisoners—Questions and Answers—A Letter—Under Guard—Paroled—Find my Watch—Visit a Secessionist—Mail Carrier Shot. - - - - - 227—239

CHAPTER XIV.

Prisoners—Brewer Shot—Threats—Obstinacy—Rough Usage—Dirt—Underground Telegraph—Offer of a Position as a Recruiting Officer—History of Colonel Bass—Leave Cassville and go to Springfield—More Texan Refugees—Their Story—Wholesale Hanging—Extract from the *Houston Telegraph*—Springfield—Homeward Bound—Home. - - - - - 240—251





Engraved by Samuel Barlow "Phd."

Geo. A. Fisher

INTRODUCTION.

The Author's Birth—His Parentage—Pious Mother—His Education—The Book Needed—State of Society in the South—Truthfulness of the Narrative—The Author's Moderation.

GEORGE ADAMS FISHER, the writer of the following pages, was born on the 10th of July, 1835, near Calcutta, Columbiana county, Ohio. He was next to the youngest of a large family. His father, Paul Fisher, was the son of Mr. Paul Fisher, who emigrated from Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, at an early day, and settled near Calcutta, Ohio. He purchased land in the vicinity, and for many years kept a house of public entertainment. He raised a family of seven sons and four daughters. His son Paul was about fifteen years of age at the time of their removal to Ohio, which took place in 1810. In a few years Paul bought land in

the vicinity of Calcutta, and some time afterwards he married Miss Margaret Souder. He is still living near Calcutta. George's mother died when he was about nine years of age. She was an eminently pious woman. Mr. Fisher was not a pious man at the time of their marriage. After a mental struggle which for some time almost banished rest and sleep, Mrs. Fisher resolved to attend to the duty of family worship herself, and for many years nothing except sickness was allowed to interfere with the regular discharge of this solemn duty. For twenty years she was an active member of a female prayer-meeting. She was abundant in good works. Her heart and her hand were always open to relieve the wants of the poor. She went about doing good, and, remembering the command of the Savior she loved, she let her light shine.

She was a woman of strong faith. On her death-bed she called her children around her, and solemnly commended them to the care of a faithful God, and then departed in the triumphs of an overcoming faith. Being dead, she yet

speaketh. Her prayers have been heard. Her husband is an humble, consistent follower of Christ; some, at least, of her children are in the Redeemer's fold. Who can doubt that her fervent supplications will be answered, and that all her children will meet her in heaven?

Some time after his wife's death, Mr. Fisher married again. By this marriage he had two children. His second wife lived but a few years. Some time after her death he was again married, and has been living with his third wife for the last fifteen years. Mr. Fisher trained his children to habits of industry and activity. Though not among those who are possessed of great wealth, he is in very comfortable circumstances, and has done well for his children. He assisted all of them as they set out in life, and has already divided ten thousand dollars among them.

George, being for some years rather delicate, was sent to school, and acquired a good English education. He began to teach school at the age of eighteen, and continued at that useful and pleasant employment, winter and sum-

mer, until he left home for Texas. The reader of the following pages will not fail to discover that he is of an enterprising character, and that he is possessed of a degree of energy which is not discouraged by common difficulties.

The writer feels confident that this book is needed, and that a knowledge of its contents will do good. It reveals a terrible condition of society in the South. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable rights of all men; and yet in one-third of these free United States these self-evident principles are scouted as the corrupt spawn of blind fanaticism. The truth is, the people of the South have never enjoyed liberty. They hardly know what it is. Slavery has bound its chains, not on the unfortunate negro race alone, but on four-fifths of the white population. They are not, it is true, bought and sold in the market; they are not driven under the whip of the overseer to the cotton and rice fields; but they are slaves nevertheless. Many of them are profoundly ignorant; and all the non-slaveholding class under the heel of an imperious

and oppressive oligarchy. This is not liberty, it is slavery. It is as impossible for liberty and slavery to exist together as light and darkness. They are mutually repellent. This antagonism accounts for all the intolerance and fanaticism which has taken hold of the minds of Southern slaveholders. Slavery became their god. They worshipped the grim monster in blind adoration. Slavery established its throne in the South and issued its decrees. These mandates of the tyrant were—Shoot, hang, burn, stab, torture, persecute, proscribe, banish the adherents of liberty wherever found. Well were they executed. Men could hardly *think* without danger; and to speak or write anything adverse to received Southern orthodoxy, was to invite the bowie-knife, the bullet, or the halter. The fairest and richest portions of our fair land were given over to a reign of terror hardly equaled in the history of the world. The truth of these remarks will appear from the following pages.

The more we know of the real state of things in the South, the stronger will be our attach-

ment to the principles of liberty, the purer will be our patriotism, and the deeper our hatred of treason. Feeling convinced of this, the writer of this article is rejoiced that another narrative is added to the numerous testimonies that have already been given to the public in proof of the barbarism of the South. They who have read "The Iron Furnace," "Daring and Suffering," "Beyond the Lines," and other works of a similar character, will only be the more anxious to peruse this volume. It corroborates their testimony, and is full of matter equally interesting, while it is entirely different from all of them. It is the production of a man who was for years a citizen of the South, and who is, therefore, qualified to speak from personal knowledge and observation—an advantage not possessed by those who were temporary and unwilling sojourners in Dixie.

The writer of this article has had an opportunity of perusing a large number of letters and other documents, which establish the truth of this narrative beyond question; and even if these were wanting, the high moral and Chris-

tian character of the author is a sufficient guaranty for the truthfulness of his statements.

There is one peculiar excellency of this little volume which deserves particular commendation. The reader will not long remain in doubt as to the author's political preferences; but men of all political persuasions can read the book without offence. It does not deal in hard names and slang phrases. It aims to convince men by facts, and not by abuse, on the principle that

"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

The book is heartily recommended to the public as one that is well calculated to foster the love of liberty, cherish patriotism, inspire thankfulness to God for the freedom which we enjoy, and expose in all the deformity of its ugly nature that system of oppression which has been the fruitful source of all the calamities which have fallen upon our beloved land.

W. D.

THE YANKEE CONSCRIPT.

CHAPTER I.

Leave Home—The Lost Brother—A Strange Letter—The Journey—Arrive in Texas—Return to St. Louis—Winter in Illinois—The Beauties of Slavery—Return to Texas—Traveling Companions—Buying Stock—Annoyances—A Stampede—Sickness—Lost Brother Found—Married—Trading—An Incident—Texan Society—Four Classes—Prejudices—A Surprise.

ON the 14th of April, 1857, an elder brother and myself left the home of our boyhood to seek our fortunes in the sunny South. Another brother had gone to the South some years before, but for a long time we had not heard from him. At length, in November, 1856, a young man by the name of John Wollam, who had gone South with him, and had, for some time, been in partnership with him, received a letter purporting to come from Major J. Jones, making particular inquiry concerning —— Fisher.

Jones had been a partner with them in Mississippi. From the tone and appearance of the letter, which I was permitted to read, I suspected that it was written by my brother, although the handwriting was well counterfeited. We determined to proceed to the place in which this letter purported to have been written. We went by the river, taking passage in the steamer "South America," which was thronged with passengers going to all parts of the West, the destination of most being Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa.

We reached St. Louis on the 23d of April. On the 27th, we again took passage on the "Thomas Swan," and arrived at Hannibal on the following day. On the morning of the 29th, we set out from Hannibal on our journey to Texas, passing through the capitals of the following counties: Marion, Monroe, Randolph, Howard, Cooper, Moniteau, Morgan, Benton, St. Clair, Bates, Vernon, Barton, Jasper, and Newton. Thence we passed to Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation; and thence through the Creek, Choctaw, and Chickasaw country, until we arrived at Colbert's Ferry on Red River. We were about three months in making the journey. We made many acquaintances, in order to learn as much as possible respecting the country through which we passed,

intending, if not pleased with Texas, to return and settle in some part of Missouri or Arkansas. I was exceedingly pleased with most of the country along our route.

We arrived at our place of destination in Collin county, Texas, in the latter part of July, stopping for awhile with an old acquaintance by the name of McFarland, formerly a citizen of Beaver county, Pennsylvania. From Beaver he removed to Coshocton county, Ohio; from Coshocton he went to Iowa, and had finally made his way to Texas. Our stopping-place was about eighty miles west of the point from which the mysterious letter was written, and of course we received no information respecting our long-lost brother. From the time of our arrival until the 5th of October we spent in looking at the country, and were well pleased with it. From information gained from the old settlers, we felt satisfied that it was well adapted to the business which we intended to follow—stock raising. Sheep being scarce and very high, we determined to return to Arkansas or Missouri to buy a flock. We arrived in St. Louis on the 31st of October. It being now late in the season, we abandoned the notion of buying, and determined to wait until the return of spring. We spent the winter in Illinois,

about thirty miles from St. Louis. On our way from Texas, we witnessed some of the fruits of the abominable institution of slavery. A drove of mules was proceeding southward from Missouri to Louisiana. At the front of the drove was an old negro woman apparently above sixty years of age. She was riding one of the mules, which, as the leader of the drove, wore a bell. The woman was weeping most bitterly. She had probably been purchased by the owner of the drove for a mere trifle; and now, separated for ever from husband, children, and friends, was proceeding, with a broken heart and bruised spirit, to some unknown plantation in the far-distant South, to end her weary life unwept and unlamented.

In the spring of 1858, we prepared for returning to Texas. We left St. Louis on the 10th of May. At Big Piney river we fell in company with two gentlemen from Illinois, going to Texas. One of them was a physician. We traveled in company for a considerable distance. On arriving at the Gasconade river, we found seventeen families on their way to Texas. The river being high, they were detained until it should fall sufficiently to admit of their crossing. Among these emigrants there was a young man by the name of William Curley, from East-

ern Texas. He had been at St. Louis settling his father's estate, and was on his way back to Texas. As we were standing on the bank of the river, the doctor, in speaking to my brother, called him Fisher. This caught the attention of Curley, who asked my brother if he had ever lived in Eastern Texas. He replied in the negative. Further conversation led to the discovery that he was acquainted with a man in Texas by the name of Fisher, and from the description he gave of him, we felt satisfied that he was our lost brother.

On reaching Dallas county, Missouri, we began to buy stock, but made rather slow progress, the quality of the stock not being very good. We were obliged to travel through several counties in order to obtain the number of head that we desired. By the 10th of June we had purchased our flock, and set out for Texas. On our way we met numerous droves of beef cattle and Spanish horses going from Texas to Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois. We crossed the Fifteen Mile Prairie on the 4th of July. As we approached the north fork of the Canadian river, our horses were very much annoyed by swarms of large green flies. So troublesome did they become that we were obliged to cover our horses with blankets, pull prairie grass, and keep up

a constant fire until toward evening, when the pests disappeared. Near the river, on the evening of the same day, we passed a drove of five hundred head of large cattle. We had heard of them a few days before from travelers who had passed them, and had incidentally mentioned the difficulty which the drovers had experienced in preventing them from stampeding. We encamped about two miles south of them. I was on guard. About ten o'clock, I was startled by a heavy rumbling sound, which appeared to shake the very ground. Not knowing whence it proceeded, I woke my brother, and he, having crossed the plains to California, and being familiar with such sounds, at once discovered that the drove of cattle was coming towards us at full speed. In an instant we were on our horses, and as they approached within a few hundred rods of us we met them, and by whooping, hallooing, and firing our pistols in the air, we turned them off the road, and prevented a general slaughter among our sheep. When a large drove breaks and runs, it can not be stopped at once. The usual plan is to circle them round until they begin to tire, and then they are easily managed.

We reached our friend's residence in Collin county in the latter part of July. During our

absence, he had received a letter for us from Curley, stating that — Fisher was at Tishemingo in the Chickasaw nation, whither he had gone a few months before. He stated that he was expecting him back in a few days. Soon after our arrival, I had a very severe attack of fever, arising from exposure on our way down from Missouri. For a long time my life was despaired of, but I began slowly to recover. In the mean time my brother had written to Eastern Texas to the brother who was expected to return from Tishemingo. He received the letter, and immediately came to see us. Our feelings on meeting can be better imagined than expressed. He had been absent from home nine years, and for five years we had no knowledge of his whereabouts.

In September we started for Wise county, with the intention of purchasing land, but abandoned our original intention and purchased in Denton county, on Duck creek, the head waters of the Trinity. On the 5th of January, 1860, I was married to Miss Amanda Reed, daughter of Mr. William Reed. Mr. Reed was born in Maysville, Kentucky. From thence he emigrated to Andrew county, Missouri, where he remained some time, and then removed to Texas. A son-in-law of his had gone to Texas in 1858.

His name was Peter Luginbyhl. He was a native of Winesburgh, Holmes county, Ohio, and some time previously had left home and settled in Nebraska. I mention his name in this place, because I shall have occasion to refer to him again in the sequel.

During the first few years of our residence in Texas, we sold our wool in Jefferson, and with the proceeds we bought groceries, which we very readily disposed of on our return. On one of his trips back with a load of groceries, my brother witnessed a sight which is not a very uncommon one in any part of the slaveholding South, but which, to those who are unused to such barbarities, might seem incredible. On the journey, he stopped all night at the house of a planter. Among other goods he had a quantity of tobacco, which, for safe keeping, he had removed from the wagon and taken to the house. In the morning it was discovered that a few layers of the tobacco were missing. The slaves were called together and examined. The guilt appeared to rest on one of the female slaves—a young woman of about twenty years of age. The planter ordered the overseer to tie her to a post which was used for such purposes, and give her a certain number of lashes, which was done. Not being yet satisfied with the degree of pun-

ishment, although her tattered raiment and the ground on which she stood were saturated with blood, the master let loose a pack of blood-hounds, and not until they had mangled and torn her bleeding, quivering flesh was his devilish malice satisfied.

Since my return to the North, the question has often been asked me—What kind of society have you in Texas? To this question it is proper to reply that there is some very good, and some very bad,—the most refined, and the most degraded. The people may properly be divided into four classes,—the slaveholding class, a non-slaveholding class of respectable citizens from all parts of the United States and Europe, poor whites from the Southern States, and a numerous class of scoundrels and black-legs from all parts of the country, who have fled from home to escape punishment for crime. A large proportion of the population belongs to the second and third classes. The first mentioned class comprises the aristocracy of the country. They are gentlemanly in their manners and honorable in their dealings, but blindly and fanatically attached to the institution of slavery; and unless a man can endorse the system, it is much safer for him to say nothing about it in the presence of such unscrupulous

champions of human bondage. The second class is mostly made up of Northern men—men of energy, enterprise, and intelligence, who, not satisfied with the circumscribed field of action in the crowded North, have left their early homes to seek their fortunes in a State in which, before the war, there was a much better chance of doing something and being something in the world. Those belonging to the third class are an ignorant and degraded herd. Very few of them can read or write. Like all ignorant people, they are the slaves of prejudice. Having no knowledge of the people of the Northern States but that derived from the distorted caricatures of their character, manners, and customs which abound in the public prints, and are industriously circulated by unprincipled demagogues, they are filled with the bitterest prejudice against all Northern men. Almost the first question they ask a stranger is, “What State are you from?” If he proves to be from Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, or any of the Southern States, they are infinitely pleased; but if he should prove to be from the North, their dissatisfaction and disappointment are manifest. The fourth class is composed of sharpers,—men without principle and without morality. Both they and the slaveholders

exercise a controlling influence over these poor, ignorant whites, who, for a dram of whisky, would vote for the devil.

In the fall of 1858, two gentlemen from Mississippi, by the names of Terry and Keep, purchased a large tract of land on Clear creek, about eight miles north-west of my residence. They began to improve it immediately. They built a large dwelling-house and a steam flouring and saw-mill. Luginbyhl and a younger brother did the carpenter work of all the buildings. While they were engaged in building the mill, they employed two young men by the names of Tupper and Dorse, both lately from Pike's Peak, but originally from Illinois. Tupper, having some knowledge of engineering, was employed afterwards to run the engine. I will have occasion to refer to all the above named gentlemen in the sequel.

In the summer of 1859, my brother, who had been absent from home ten years, visited the home of his childhood. The friends were taken completely by surprise. We had not written home anything concerning him, in order that the surprise might be the more complete. On his way home, at our request, he stopped in St. Louis and sent us the *Missouri Democrat*, a strong Republican paper. The paper was

addressed to my brother, and on its arrival at the post office he was notified by the postmaster at Denton to have the paper stopped. My brother replied that if he wanted the paper stopped, he might do it himself; that as long as the paper came to the office, and he would deliver it, he would continue to read it. In the meantime, through suspension of the mails, the paper was discontinued. My brother returned again to Texas in the fall of the same year, and is still in Texas, if not conscripted into the Rebel army, which he was determined to avoid, if possible.

CHAPTER II.

Great Excitement—Southern Stump Speakers—Wigfall—A Journey—Curing Buffalo Meat—An Incident—House Burning—Abolitionism—Preparation for Rebellion—Prairie Matches—John Smith and Bill Jones—Torture—Lynching—Correspondence with Friends Dangerous—The Day Book—Voting—Election of Lincoln—Speeches Again—Families Leaving the State—Preparing for War—Trading Lands—Drafting—Impressments.

IN the summer of 1860, any man with ordinary penetration could see that trouble was brewing. It seemed as though Satan were loose. Southern disunionists manifested the most deadly animosity against men from the free States. The politicians fanned the flame of popular excitement by speeches of the most bloodthirsty character. Among the worst was Wigfall. He tried, like Alexander, to make the rude and ignorant rabble believe that he was almost a divine being; and if lying and drunkenness could give him any title to the distinction, he must have had some claim to it, for he could tell bigger lies and drink more whisky than any other man in the State. Wherever he went his wife was obliged to accompany him, in order to keep him as near sober as possible.

But in spite of her watchfulness he would sometimes slip away, find the grocery store, get drunk, and go out on the streets and make antic speeches to the boys. He was the worst drunkard and gambler, and the most profane blackguard in the State.

It was about this time that my brother and I took a trip out to the frontier on the Little Wichita river. On our way we met a great many wagons returning from the Big Wichita, laden with jerked buffalo meat and rugs. The poorer classes find in the former a good substitute for bread, and the latter they use for bedding. Jerked meat is prepared in the following way:—As soon as a buffalo is killed and dressed, the flesh is cut in thin slices. Forks are then driven into the ground, the forks being about four or five feet high; on the forks cross-poles are laid within a few inches of each other, and the slices of meat are laid on these poles. A small fire is built beneath, the smoke of which keeps off the flies, and the hot sun very soon dries the meat thoroughly.

On the 7th we reached the camp of the United States Rangers, on the Little Wichita. Within a distance of eight miles there were thousands of buffalo. The Indians having burnt the grass on Salt Plains, they were drawn toward Red river

for pasturage and water. There is excitement as well as sport in hunting these animals. A short time before our visit, fifteen of the Rangers set out on a hunt, intending, if they could, each man to kill his buffalo in one day. They made their arrangements accordingly. Knowing the place where they were accustomed to go for water, they secreted themselves in the edge of a lawn; where they knew the herd would pass in going to the river. They agreed to allow about half of them to pass before any shot was fired; then the hindmost man was to shoot one, and as they broke back, each man, in turn, was to try his luck. One of their number, however, spoiled the fun. Being very excitable, and fearful of missing his prize, he blazed away, although he stood near the center of the company, just when the first buffalo came in range. I need hardly say that they did not kill fifteen that day. The number of these animals in that region of the country is immense. It is no uncommon thing to see thousands in a drove, about the watering places.

During our absence, three of the largest stores in Denton were burned. The fire took place in the afternoon, about two o'clock, on Sabbath, the 7th. Similar conflagrations occurred in other places on the same day, and

about the same hour. This raised the greatest excitement. Immediately the cry was raised: "Abolitionists! Abolitionists! They are trying to burn our towns and destroy our property indiscriminately."

We reached home on the 10th. Every well and spring was guarded. A standing guard was kept in Denton day and night for some time afterward. No one was allowed to pass without undergoing a thorough examination, except citizens and those with whom the guards were perfectly well acquainted. Negroes were arrested. Those on whom suspicion rested most strongly were unmercifully whipped, and they were forced to declare that strychnine had been given to them by the Abolitionists; that there was a secret organization among the negroes under the control of the Abolitionists; that at an appointed time they were to poison all the wells and springs, and rise and slaughter the slaveholders indiscriminately. These charges were without a shadow of foundation, and the slaveholders well knew it; but they had their desired effect. The whole country was excited. Vengeance was vowed against the Abolitionists, and many innocent men lost their lives. As to the burning of so many stores, it was the opinion of all

reasonable men that the fires originated from the igniting of prairie matches by the excessive heat. The day was one of the hottest ever known in that region of country.

The prairie match is an entirely different article from the match in common use. It is made of paper, about as thick as pasteboard, and is about one-eighth of an inch wide. It is in common use on the prairies, being specially adapted to the wants of travelers on these open and windy plains, from the fact that the wind only makes it burn the better. It is very easily ignited. One of my neighbors had procured a box of these matches before the burning of the stores above mentioned, and afterwards made some experiments with them, which tended to confirm the theory that the stores had been burnt by the ignition of these matches. By placing them near a fire, or on the window-sill where the rays of the sun would fall on them, they were at once ignited. The prairie matches were the "Abolitionists" which fired the stores.

But this version of the affair did not suit the slaveholders. The excitement was undoubtedly set on foot as a part of the grand scheme by which secession was forced upon an unwilling people. It was but a part of the plan by which rebellion was matured. They who started the

lie and fanned the flame of excitement, were only working in harmony with high officials under the Buchanan administration, who scattered our navy into distant seas, filled Southern forts with cannon and ammunition, and robbed the Mints of the United States of their coin and bullion.

One very noticeable fact connected with the store-burning excitement speaks but little in favor of Southern justice. The testimony of a negro on oath is never admissible in their courts; but a negro's word was enough to hang an Abolitionist. As an illustration of this, let me state what frequently took place during these exciting times. I will not mention parties personally, but make use of two familiar names—John Smith and Bill Jones, Smith a true-born Southern slaveholder, Jones a man of Northern birth. They were neighbors. Jones owned no darkeys. Of course this was *prima facie* evidence that he was an Abolitionist. Smith did not like Jones. He takes advantage of the excitement against the Abolitionists to get rid of his unwelcome neighbor. A few birds of his own feather are called together. His negroes, altogether ignorant of his intention, are brought in. He takes those of them whom he pretends to suspect, pinions them, and

fastens them to a post. He then takes his whip and goes to work, one at a time. Every few minutes he stops, and asks his victim if Jones had not been saying so and so to him. Of course the cut and bleeding slave would finally answer, Yes, in order to get rid of the intolerable lash. Then Smith, turning to his approving friends, says: "Didn't I tell you so, gentlemen? I knew Jones had been tampering with my negroes." This is enough. Smith and his friends go and take Jones and hang him without further ceremony. Many innocent men lost their lives in this very way.

It is most devoutly to be wished that some of our Southern sympathizers could have been shipped to Texas during the time of the most intense excitement. Some of them, most likely, would have stretched hemp as Abolitionists—for then every Northern man was suspected; or they would have started back to the land of law and order in a regular stampede, thoroughly cured of their sympathizing tendencies. There was at the time of these excitements a gentleman in Texas from the Eastern States, selling maps. Suspicion was soon raised that he was an Abolitionist; and that, while his ostensible employment was that of a map pedler, his real

object was to excite the slaves to insurrection. He was arrested and hung.

Many lost their lives by inadvertently expressing their opinions in writing to their friends at the North. A complete system of surveillance was established previous to the stopping of the mails. Letters put in the mails were opened; and if anything contrary to Southern orthodoxy was found in them, the unfortunate authors usually suffered summary vengeance at the hands of an infuriated mob. About that time I received a letter from a cousin of mine who was teaching school in Virginia. Being strongly anti-slavery in his opinions, he took occasion to express his sentiments to me pretty freely. It was fortunate for me that the letter escaped the fingers of the censors; for if it had been opened and perused, it would, in all probability, have cost me my life. On perusing its contents, I committed it to the flames, and did not dare to answer it. Had I done so, and merely cautioned him as to what he should write, this caution itself would have been construed into evidence against me.

I rejoiced when the mails were stopped; for before, I was constantly in dread that some of my friends would be a little too free in expressing their sentiments, and thus be the means of

bringing me into trouble. Many at the North will never hear of loved ones who sought homes in the South, and fell victims to the brutal fury excited by their own unguarded expressions. Such was the state of things in the South, while the fundamental law of the land guarantees freedom of speech to every citizen. Such was Southern respect for the Constitution.

In the fall of 1859, two families came to Texas from Iowa. Their names were Kester and Morris. A young man by the name of Thomas Geddes, from East Liverpool, Ohio, accompanied them. After their arrival, Geddes made his home with my brother and myself, and agreed to crop our farm. Morris lost his wife a few months after their arrival, became dissatisfied with the country, and in the spring he and Kester started back to Iowa with a drove of cattle. In the following fall, at the time of the excitement, Geddes received a letter from Morris, stating that he was about to send him two Republican papers, one of which had before been strongly Democratic, but had changed. Geddes called at the office at different times after receiving the letter, but never got the papers.

Some time after Geddes had received the let-

ter, there was a house-raising in the neighborhood. Mr. Luginbyhl, whom I mentioned in the preceding chapter, was present, and noticed some mysterious movements among the company. He very soon found that the papers which Geddes had so frequently called for, and had never received, were in the possession of the crowd. They affirmed that after the *Missouri Democrat* had been stopped, Fisher had sent on for the two papers in question, and was taking them in Geddes's name, in order to play sharp. There was great excitement, and the purpose of many of them to make him stretch hemp was not concealed. As soon as my brother received intelligence of what was going on, he and Geddes went round and showed the letter. This was deemed satisfactory; but we were very uneasy for some time, kept our doors locked at night, and went well armed for fear of the mob.

Rather a laughable joke, growing out of this affair, happened at my brother's expense some time afterward. Geddes had been away, and returned home after we had retired. The night being very warm, my brother was sleeping with the door of his room open. Geddes stepped in without speaking, and placed his hand on the bed to see if he was asleep. Immedi-

ately he set up a series of the most frightful screams that ever proceeded from a human throat. He soon found how matters stood, however, and became calm. He had been dreaming of the mob, and when, at that moment, Geddes laid his hand on his feet, he thought it was all over with him. We had a hearty laugh at his expense; but the fact is, to take a sober thought, it was no laughing matter.

Very soon all the Black Republican and Abolition papers quit coming, or were destroyed by the postmaster; while such papers as justified slavery and apologized for treason had a large circulation. The *New York Day Book* could be had weekly until the stopping of the mails, and had a larger circulation than any ten of the rankest secession papers printed in the South.

On the day of the Presidential election, the secessionists had every thing their own way. There were some Douglas Democrats in the precinct in which I lived. They went to the polls to vote for the candidate of their choice, but there was no chance for them. No man was permitted to vote who would not vote for Breckinridge. Douglas Democrats, what do you think of this mode of conducting an election? Do you call this Democracy? If

not, you are getting behind the times, and had better take a trip to Texas and become posted. The election resulted just as the leaders of the rebellion desired. They had laid their plans well, and they had succeeded admirably. They divided the party in the Convention at Charleston on purpose to allow the Republicans to elect their candidate, hoping, by the success of the Republicans to gain a plausible pretext for secession.

As soon as the result of the election was known, our State was overrun by demagogues crying "Secession," "Secession," interminably. All the South had to do, they said, was to secede; and as soon as the North saw that they were determined to have a government of their own, and the difficulty or impossibility of whipping them back into the Union, they would let them go; especially as many at the North had always insisted that they could get along very well without the South. Such were the arguments used by some of the speakers. Others affirmed that they would obligate themselves to drink all the blood which would be shed; and others, holding up the little pitcher which stood on the stand by their side, declared that it would hold all the blood which would be spilt as the result of secession.

This was the general tone of the speakers and of the press in all parts of the South. They soon accomplished their ends. Out went the bell-wether, South Carolina, on the 10th of December, 1860. The ice being broken, Mississippi followed on the 8th of January, 1861. Then Florida, January 16th; Louisiana, January 18th; Georgia, January 19th. Texas, fearing that she would become unpopular by delay, proposed to submit the question of secession to the people; but long before the northern counties had time to get in their returns, she made the leap and broke her neck, on February 1st. Arkansas followed suite on February 5th; and on February 9th, king Davis was inaugurated for the term of six years. Secession was consummated and war begun during the administration of Mr. Buchanan.

After the election, many families began to make preparations to leave the State in the spring; some intending to go to California, some to Kansas, and some to Northern Missouri. My brother had the California fever pretty strong, and tried to get me to consent to accompany him. I would not consent, partly on account of my wife's health, and partly because I feared the Indians would be troublesome. In December, I bought out his interest

in the farm, and we divided our stock. His California fever having subsided, he moved to, and began to improve a tract of land which he had purchased, about one mile south of my farm, on Clear creek. In the following spring, seeing many of our friends and acquaintances leaving the State, he again took a notion to leave. He exchanged his flock for a drove of Spanish horses; and he and Geddes and another bachelor by the name of Emanuel Grounds, started for Kansas, on the 1st day of April, 1861. During April, hundreds of families left the State for California and the Northern States. Many of them were obliged to leave most of their property, not being able to sell it for anything like its value. It has since been sequestered by the rebel government.

I was obliged to act on the old adage that when in Rome it is best to do as Romans do. I sent for the rankest rebel paper printed in the State, the *Houston Telegraph*. I was often asked, "How do you like your paper?" and generally replied in such a way as to make them believe that I was all right. Most of my friends were gone. McFarland, whom I mentioned in the preceding pages, having lost his wife and daughter in the spring of 1859, returned to Coshocton county, Ohio, in the fall

of the same year. He married in Ohio, and soon after returned to Texas. But the times were gloomy and threatening. Being a man of keen perception and great shrewdness, he concluded that things had not yet come to the worst, and determined to leave the State while he could. He sent a neighbor to Missouri to ascertain if any of the secessionists in his old neighborhood could be induced to exchange their lands in Missouri for his lands in Texas. This was easily accomplished. Plenty of secessionists in Northern Missouri were just as anxious to leave Missouri for Texas as Union men were anxious to leave Texas for Missouri. McFarland, having effected an exchange, prepared to remove to Missouri. My wife and I paid him a visit on the 21st of July, 1861, a few days before he left. He was very uneasy for fear the fire-eaters would not let him leave the State. Such rumors were afloat at the time. He, however, got away without any difficulty, and reached Nodaway county, Missouri, in a few months. The man with whom McFarland exchanged property left Missouri after he arrived, and came and settled in Collin. I passed a night with him there in May, 1862. Not knowing that McFarland and I were acquaintances, he came down on him severely,

denouncing him as an Abolitionist, and affirming that he and all other Abolitionists had been served just right, and that if he had the power, he would hang every one of them.

There was one class of Union men at the South who continued to speak their minds boldly and with comparative impunity, when all others were compelled to fly from the country or conceal their true sentiments. They were those who had been born and brought up in the South. Many of them owned slaves. I shall speak of some of these in the course of my narrative. They fought a noble battle, but their day of freedom was short.

In the latter part of August, 1861, I had a severe attack of fever, arising from exposure and overwork. It was difficult to obtain help in consequence of the large number of men who were volunteering. I therefore rented my farm in September, and put up a cabin in another tract of land which I had purchased, situated two miles and a half south of my former location. I removed my stock to this new farm, and began to build a dwelling-house, which I completed in a few months.

On the 15th of April, 1861, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling out seventy-five thousand men for three months. This was

immediately followed by a counter proclamation by the rebel President, who called for a large number of men for one year. The quota of Texas under this call was very soon filled volunteers being led to believe that there would not probably be more than one little battle, and that they could then return to their homes and draw pay for one year. They were doomed to grievous disappointment. The Union army being largely increased by volunteers for three years or during the war, it was soon found necessary to resort to drafting. In the month of February, 1862, there was great excitement. Recruiting officers were going round and trying to induce men to volunteer by asserting that it had been found necessary to draft in some counties in the State already, and that a draft would surely take place in Denton and some of the adjoining counties in a few weeks, unless their quotas were filled up by volunteering. The object of the special call for men was to defend Galveston and other points along the coast from the attack of Burnside, whose expedition, it was supposed, was destined for Texas. Many hundreds of men volunteered in order to avoid being drafted. Free State men who did not volunteer were subjected to great annoyance. Whatever they had which was useful

for fitting out the volunteers, was taken from them. Double-barreled shot-guns seemed to be in the greatest demand; but revolvers, bowie knives, and blankets were eagerly sought for.

I was called upon some time in February by a volunteer, who demanded my double-barreled shot-gun. I refused to give it. I put him off by telling him that another man had spoken to me for it, to whom I granted it on certain terms. If he did not get it, I should probably want it myself, as I had thoughts of volunteering. A few days afterward he returned, accompanied by three others, all of them rough customers. They had watched for a good opportunity, and came to my house when I was away from home. They asked my wife for blankets, and while she was getting these articles for them, they took my gun. On my way home with my team, when about half a mile distant, I saw them coming out of the house. I immediately suspected their errand. They mounted their horses, and met me about a quarter of a mile from the house. I gave them the ordinary salutation as we met. Seeing my gun lying across the saddle of one of them, I asked him what he was going to do with it. He replied in a very independent manner that it was *his* gun now, and he was going to keep



In an instant I jumped from the wagon, caught his leg with one hand, and the breech of the gun with the other. —P. 49.

it. My blood was up. In an instant I jumped from the wagon, caught his leg with one hand and the breech of the gun with the other. His horse, being wild, plunged desperately, and he, finding he could not retain his seat and the gun too, let go his hold of the gun. All this transpired in a few seconds. Scarcely a halt was made. They were taken completely by surprise; and his companions offered him no assistance. Taking the gun, I ran forward and overtook my team, that had been moving on all the time. Looking back, I saw that they were consulting as to what they should do next. As I drove up to the house, my wife was standing in the door. I called to her to get the ammunition, jumped from the wagon, and loaded both barrels of the gun heavily with buck-shot. They were soon on their way back. As they rode up they demanded the gun. I was standing in the door with the gun by my side, and replied very decidedly that they could not get it; that they had acted in an ungenerous and ungentlemanly manner in coming to my house during my absence and taking the gun from my wife, after they had been well supplied with blankets; that, therefore, they could not and should not get it without first getting its contents, and taking it over

my dead body. I told them if they had acted as gentlemen, if they had come when I was at home and asked for it decently, they could have had it; but now they could leave without it. And they did. In conversation with my herdsman afterward, they took occasion to belch forth their venom, calling me a d—d Yankee, an Abolitionist, and other sonorous titles, ending with the devout observation that I ought to have my d—d heart cut out; but they never troubled me afterwards.

On the first of March, my gun was again called for by four strangers. I was absent from home. My wife, being in delicate health, was in bed. Not seeing my gun, and knowing nothing of the place where I kept it, they asked the privilege of searching the house. It was granted. They searched diligently, but left without the prize. It was hidden under the bolster of my wife's bed. Early on the next day, which was Sabbath, they came again. Finding me at home, they stated the object of their visit—they wanted my gun. I replied that I had the article, but was unwilling to give it up, for the reason that I intended to volunteer as soon as circumstances would permit, when I would need it myself. Seeing that they were determined to have it, however, and

that if I refused to give it up I stood a good chance of being dealt with as others had been before, I concluded that it was the best and safest plan while in Rome to do as Romans do—to let them have it. I accordingly went to my wife's bed, raised the bolster, and revealed the gun's hiding-place, much to their surprise. My wife regretted the part she had to take in the affair, lest they should accuse her of falsehood; but their moral perceptions were not very keen, and it is most likely they thought nothing of it.

Rumors of a draft still continued. Many of my friends, therefore, began to cast about for ways of obtaining exemption if they should be drafted. In February, 1862, Mr. Terry, whom I have already mentioned, died of fever. Having no children, he willed his estate to a sister in Mississippi, and a nephew who came to Texas with him, whose name was Kalep. After the death of his uncle, Kalep went back to Mississippi to settle an estate which he had left when he emigrated to Texas. The mill property was advertised for rent. Mr. Tupper, who had been employed as engineer, was afraid that if the mill passed into the hands of a secessionist, he would lose his place on account of being a Union man. Being under the

impression that millers could not be drafted, he applied to the two Luginbyhl brothers, and urged them to rent their farms, and enter into partnership with him and rent the mill. They were easily induced to do so.

CHAPTER III.

New Excitements—Raiding—Bereavements—Change of Location—Mob Law Again—Movements of Troops—Conscript Law Passed—Opposition to the Law—A Union Man and his Mode of Reasoning—Other Unionists of Note—Droving—Fright of the Rebels at Little Rock—Sickness in the Rebel Army.

I HAVE already stated that my brother left Texas for Kansas with a drove of horses. He left some property unsold when he went away, and promised to write to me and direct me how to dispose of it; but I never received a word. To add to the uneasiness which would naturally grow out of his silence, soon after he left the State four of his horses came back, giving some ground for the apprehension that he had been murdered on his way to Kansas. All doubts as to his personal safety were, however, removed by the return of Emanuel Grounds on the 7th of March. His statements gave rise to the greatest excitement. He affirmed that after my brother crossed Red river he jumped up three times and cracked his heels together, and declared that he could now speak the sentiments of his mind freely,

and that he denounced the South in unmeasured terms. Grounds said that he and my brother had had a difficulty after their arrival in Kansas, and in order to have revenge on him, he had gone and enlisted for six months in the army of General Price, who was then in Missouri. During the time of his enlistment, he had gone twice to Kansas as a guide, with a band of guerillas, for the purpose of getting my brother's horses. He affirmed that on one of these raids they had succeeded in getting four or five from him; that they had robbed the stores in the town near which he had lived, and had compelled the citizens to get teams and haul the stolen goods to a place where they considered themselves safe, and had then compelled them to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy.

These reports caused the wildest excitement, and I honestly believe that I would have lost my life, notwithstanding my professed loyalty to the Confederacy and careful suppression of my real feelings and sentiments, had it not been for the peculiar circumstances in which I was at that very time placed. My domestic afflictions kept the hand of violence from me. About four o'clock on Monday morning, March 10th, 1862, I lost my wife and infant child.

The affliction was sudden and overwhelming. My wife was past speaking before I was aware of the sad truth that she must die. The physician thought there was no danger, until she told him she was dying. Her last words were, "Oh, doctor, do let me have a little rest, and I hope I shall be happy!"

Reader, have you ever lost a loving and beloved companion? If you have ever drunk of this bitter cup, you can form some idea of my feelings. How I suffered! How my very heart was wrung with grief as I stood by the bedside of my dying wife, and saw her eyes grow glassy and motionless as Death drew over them his filmy veil! Oh! in one short hour to be stripped of all my joys—a stranger in a distant land, in a time of war and intense excitement, among strangers—nay, relentless enemies,—no friends near to drop a tear of sympathy except a few relatives of my departed wife, called to mourn the second time within a little more than a year—for we had lost a child in January of the preceding year—this was trouble! Could my wife but have spoken to me when I discovered that she was dying, it would have been worth worlds to me in the time of my sad bereavement. Man has no

friend so endearing and so true as a loving and beloved wife.

But let me dwell no longer on this dark scene, for the remembrance of it overcomes me. My brother who still remained in Texas was in the county at the time of my bereavement, buying a drove of sheep for the army. On hearing of my misfortune, he came immediately to my residence, arrived before the funeral, and comforted me greatly by his sympathy and timely advice. I was desolate; home was no longer home. It had lost its attractiveness. There was little to bind me to it. I therefore determined to accompany my brother to Eastern Texas, taking my flock of sheep with me. We went to where he had his collected, and drove together, a distance of about sixty miles, into a part of the country where my brother was well acquainted, and where most of the people were Unionists. We sheared our flocks here, and I sold my stock sheep—those which were not fit for the army. I got my friends to say, after I was gone, that I left the county in order to seek a safer place for my sheep, wolves being common in that county; and instructed them to say, also, that after I had gone through with them, I intended to put them out on shares with some trusty man, and then volun-

teer. We were in no hurry to finish our shearing very soon; it was a plausible excuse for not volunteering. We therefore protracted the work through a period of six weeks. Before the first of June, I had twice gone back to Denton to see about my property, making a short visit each time. I did not think that I ran much risk in doing so, as the excitement about my brother in Kansas had abated.

A few days before I arrived in Denton, on my second visit, the citizens of Denton, the county seat, hung a man on the public square. One of my friends, being in town at the time, witnessed the sight. The person hung was a young man about twenty-seven years of age. He was from the North, and had been in Texas only a few years. He was a shrewd, thorough-going fellow, and, withal, a great ladies' man. About two weeks before the tragedy which ended with his life, he was married to a handsome young lady, the daughter of an unyielding secessionist. The match was opposed by the father, and when it was finally accomplished in spite of him, he was bent on revenge. Two objects would be gained if he could accomplish the young man's destruction: revenge would be gratified, and his popularity with his secession friends would be wonderfully

increased. From some expressions his son-in-law made use of, he concluded that he was an Abolitionist. After that, it was easy for him to accomplish all he desired. Watching his opportunity, he caught the unfortunate young man in Denton, and immediately denounced him as an Abolitionist. It roused the people sooner than would the cry of "mad dog." A mob was soon collected, the father-in-law at the head of it; and that inhuman wretch, inspired by a spirit that could proceed only from the infernal pit, put it to vote whether they would hang the man or not. Of course a majority were in favor of the rope. Why should they not? Who would think of letting an Abolitionist go unhung? He was informed by his father-in-law of the fate which awaited him, and told to prepare for what must soon take place—one o'clock being the hour appointed for the execution. The poor victim of hellish hate was utterly incredulous. He was among human beings, and not among fiends. They were trying to frighten him, he thought. Fully impressed with this idea, he ate a hearty dinner at the hotel where he was stopping. He was soon undeceived. After dinner, he was marched out and ordered to mount his horse, and escorted to the public square, where a few

post-oak trees were standing. When he saw that they were determined to hang him, he pleaded piteously for his life. His entreaties were vain. Too many were thirsting for his blood. He then begged to be permitted to see and speak to his wife. It was scornfully denied. The rope was made fast to the limb of a tree, and his own father-in-law—my pen almost refuses to record the devilish deed—his own father-in-law fixed the rope around his neck. Still he pleaded. He declared that he had a large amount of gold and silver concealed, and he would give it up if they would spare him. But there was no relenting. Cannibals never whet their teeth with a keener relish for the baked flesh of their victim than did that mob at Denton thirst for the blood of their trembling, helpless captive. He asked to be permitted to tell the secret to his wife. He was answered with jeers. The horse was driven from under him, and he fell. The rope, not being properly adjusted, caught him by the chin and the back of the neck, and there he hung struggling a needlessly long time in intense agony, until death finally came to his relief. After the mob were satisfied that he was dead, they cut him down, carried his corpse into the court-house, and laid it on the

floor where the citizens could have a fair view of the dead Abolitionist. When all were satisfied with the sight, a rough box was brought, and they tumbled him in with clothes unchanged, and buried him with less feeling than we would a dog. All was done without the knowledge of his wife.

During the months of April, May, and a part of June, the roads were lined with troops going from Galveston and other points along the coast to Little Rock and Corinth. This was after the fall of New Orleans, which they styled the heart of the Southern Confederacy. The taking of that city by the Union forces raised a wonderful excitement among the Union men of Texas. They cried for peace, affirming that if the South would not give up the contest, the North would free every slave in the South. It was generally believed that if McClellan had been successful in his peninsular campaign, they must have given up their cause as hopeless; for in that event they could not have kept their army together. It was about this time that Davis recommended the passage of a conscript law which should embrace all between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. This law was passed by the rebel Congress, and in consequence of it, all the young men in

the army whose term of enlistment had expired were compelled to remain, as were also those between thirty-five and forty-five, who had volunteered for the war.

In May, two captains returned to Texas on furlough, who reported that three regiments at Corinth had thrown down their arms and swore that they would fight no longer; that the term for which they enlisted having expired, they were going home. But they were in a tighter place than they bargained for. Their general commanded them at once to reorganize; cannons loaded with grape were brought to bear on them, and they were told that if they did not reorganize at once, they would be blown to pieces. This is a specimen of the devotion of the Southern soldiers to the cause in which they are engaged, and of the means made use of to keep their armies together. These statements produced a wonderful excitement among the Union citizens of Texas. Many solemnly vowed they would never submit to the conscription law. In Collin, Grayson, Cook, Fannin, Lamar, and many other counties, meetings were held, and men of all classes and of all ages—many of them near sixty—protested against it. It was generally believed that the law could not be enforced in the State, as there

were very few troops, except at Galveston, where it was necessary to keep them. Threats were freely made that if the ball were once put in motion, they would show how Texans would submit to conscripting. Davis and his coadjutors were too cunning for them, however. It will appear in the sequel how the rebel government managed to get them into the harness.

While we were shearing our sheep, a wealthy slaveholder from Grayson county, hearing that I proposed to sell a part of my flock, came to see them. He was very anxious that I should let him have them on shares, being desirous of obtaining a flock for his negro boys to herd. Not wishing to put them out on shares, I offered to sell them to him, but we could not agree as to the price. I told him that, having lost my wife, and not being under the necessity of remaining at home, I had driven my flock to Fannin county for the purpose of selling my stock sheep, having been informed that there was a great demand for them in that county; that after I had disposed of my stock sheep, my brother and I intended to drive our mutton sheep to the army, and that after we had disposed of them I intended to enlist.

"Why, sir," said he, looking me in the face, "are you fool enough to volunteer, when we

are already whipped? I was born and raised in Kentucky; I have always owned slaves; but the motto of my old native State is, 'United we stand, divided we fall.' I am, therefore, bitterly opposed to secession and disunion. I did all I could to prevent it. I stumped my own county just previous to the passage of the ordinance of secession, and warned the people of the consequences. I told them that the North would never consent to the independence of the South; that they never would consent to give up the free navigation of the Mississippi river; and that in less than a year they would pierce the heart of the Confederacy. I predicted what has actually taken place. They have taken New Orleans. They will soon take Vicksburgh, and open the river from the Ohio to the Gulf, and the Confederacy will be cut in two. If we do not give up the contest, they will set all our slaves at liberty; but if we disband our troops and abandon the conflict, they will let our slaves alone.

"Secession is no new scheme. It has been in contemplation for many years. Calhoun originated the heresy. We had no just cause for secession. For fifty out of seventy years Southern men occupied the Presidential chair. When we happened to choose a Northern

man, he was always obliged to come under bonds to the South to promote their peculiar sectional interests. They had a Democratic Congress, a Democratic Supreme Court, a Democratic Cabinet, and Democratic Ministers in foreign countries. Democrats controlled the army—every thing was Democratic. What else, in the name of heaven, could they want? But, sir, Southern leaders thought the reins of government belonged to them. They broke down the old Whig party, to which I used to belong, and loudly exulted over their victory. The Whigs submitted: Next the Know-Nothings, and they submitted. But when they found that the Republican party was about to win the day, they openly boasted that they never would submit to the Black Republicans, and that if this party elected their President, they would rebel. They met in convention at Charleston, not to nominate candidates in good faith with Northern Democrats, but to split the party. If they had nominated Stephen A. Douglas, he would have been elected. But they did not want him elected. It was their purpose to put two or three candidates in the field, and thus secure the election of the Republican candidate. Even if either Douglas or Bell had been elected, the South would have seceded.

It might not have been accomplished quite so precipitately, but they had been too long and too successfully preparing for secession to put it off long. During the administration of Mr. Buchanan they had scattered the navy into far distant seas, had filled Southern forts with ordnance and ammunition, and had put as much public property as possible in such places as would make it an easy matter for them to seize and appropriate it to their own use. I was opposed to Mr. Lincoln's election; but when it was plain that he was the choice of the people, I was willing to submit to the will of the majority, and wait patiently at least until he did something wrong. This would have been but fair; for the North had always submitted when the South elected their candidates. The cry is, 'Abolition! No more slave territory!' Why, sir, we have more territory now than is profitable."

The man who uttered these sentiments is Mr. Andrew Bryant. He is a fair representative of the Union men of Texas. There were many such. General Sam Houston opposed secession to the last. He was Governor of the State at the time the ordinance of secession was passed, and did all he could against it. He warned the people of the consequences, and continued to

oppose the mad work of the conspirators until they killed him politically, and he was obliged to retire into private life; and not long afterward passed he away from earth. May he rest in peace!

Mr. Robert Taylor, of Bonham, was another of our Union men. He had been repeatedly a Representative in the State Legislature, and was serving the State in this capacity at the time that secession was consummated. He opposed it with great power and eloquence. The only thing that saved him from being branded as an Abolitionist was his Southern birth, and the fact that he was a slaveholder. The leaders of the rebellion both acknowledged and feared his power; and it is said that strong but unavailing efforts were made to bribe him to put forth his great influence in favor of secession, or, if not this, at least to keep quiet.

I must add another name to the bright list of Union worthies—that of A. J. Hamilton. He gave proof of his pluck, and courage, and sterling patriotism by openly and fearlessly expressing his sentiments at a time when Lynch law was about the only law recognized in the State; when many lost their lives by the hands of brutal mobs; and when many more

were threatened. He was finally compelled to fly for his life, leaving wife, children, and property behind; and fortunately reached the lines of the Union army in the latter part of the summer of 1862. The times have changed since then. His prospects have brightened a little. He has been appointed Military Governor of that very State whose traitorous rulers drove him as a fugitive from their borders less than two years ago. May he make the fomenters of treason tremble! They used to call him the "roaring lion," on account of his bold fearlessness in advocacy of Union, and the vengeance which he denounced against any man or men who would dare to touch the loyalists of his county. The "roaring lion" is among them sure enough, and some of the traitorous dogs will be in his paws sooner than is quite agreeable to them!

Let it be understood that all these loyal men whom I have just named, were Southern men and slaveholders. Had they been Northern men, they would have been hung without pity. A circumstance which occurred in April of 1862, in Bonham, will illustrate the intenseness of the animosity which existed in the minds of the people against men of opposite political opinions. Two citizens, one a Methodist min-

ister named Simpson, and the other a man named Russell, met in town one day. Simpson was one of the worst secessionists in the State, and strongly advocated the adoption of the guerilla mode of warfare. Russell was a staunch Union man. Both of them were old men, above sixty years of age. Of course the war was the absorbing topic of conversation. Russell expressed himself strongly against the war. Simpson snatched up his cane and gave Russell a rousing blow. Russell returned the compliment promptly; and the two old gray-headed disputants had a regular knock down.

The state of affairs became worse and worse every day. Secessionists became more and more intolerant, and Unionists less and less able to give expression to their sentiments. The disloyalists pretended to be sure of gaining their independence. They knew of no political distinction but that of North and South, and a man had to be either for them or against them. If against them, he must expect to suffer the consequence. Many were the regrets expressed by the ringleaders of rebellion that they had allowed so many men to leave the State. Arms were scarce; all who left took arms with them, leaving the State almost bare; and besides, every man who left

lessened the number liable to do military duty in the South, and increased it in the North, making a difference of two.

About the time we were engaged in shearing, part of a regiment going from Galveston to Little Rock stopped at Kentuckytown to get their horses shod. In conversing with the citizens about the fall of New Orleans, one of the soldiers, a young, boyish-looking fellow, remarked that he believed the South was going to be whipped. He had no sooner said the words than one of the men belonging to the regiment knocked him down and kicked him unmercifully. Had he been a man instead of a boy, he would, most likely, have paid the penalty of his imprudence with his life. A man dare not utter a word unfavorable to the cause of secession without endangering his life. Union men would sometimes express themselves to one another when not in the company of secessionists, but it was not safe to do even this much; for they would sometimes be overheard, and then they were sure to suffer. Some having been betrayed and lost their lives, loyal men lost confidence in one another, and they were finally obliged to form secret organizations for mutual protection, and for greater security they adopted a system of secret signs and pass-

words. I shall have occasion to mention this organization again before I close my narrative.

After war had been actually inaugurated by the attack on Fort Sumter, all men from eighteen up to fifty were enrolled and were obliged to muster every two weeks. In the precinct in which I lived, all the men liable to military duty were ordered to procure uniforms at their own expense. The uniforms were all to be trimmed alike. A red stripe one inch in width was to run down each leg of the pants on the outside. The blouse was also to be trimmed with red, and was similar to that worn by the United States Rangers before the war. On the right breast were the letters C. S., signifying Confederate States.

On the 4th of July, there was a muster and barbecue in Bolivar, about two miles from my residence. Two beeves and a few sheep were barbecued. I furnished a sheep, pretending to be as stubborn a secessionist as any of them, in order to save my neck. Over three hundred partook of the refreshments, large numbers being citizens, ladies and children, who came to see the drill and hear the music.

On Monday, the 16th, we started with our drove of mutton for Little Rock, Arkansas. Leather being scarce and very dear in Texas, I

took my wagon, intending to bring back a load of this article with me when I should return. On the 18th, we passed through Honey Grove, on the extreme edge of the county. In this place I ordered gravestones for my wife and child, stipulating that they should be ready for me as I returned.

It was my intention, if the conscript law should be put in operation in Texas while I was absent in Arkansas, to make my way to the army of General Curtis or to Missouri, and allow my brother to return with the team and report that I had enlisted. He being above thirty-five years of age, was exempt under the conscript law in force at that time. My object in this plan was to prevent the confiscation of my property. On our way through the eastern counties of the State, we met many government wagons from Corinth, Mississippi, coming for flour.

We reached Mill Creek Crossing on Red river, in Bowie county, on Friday evening, the 27th. We labored hard the whole of the next day in getting our drove across; and the following day, being the Sabbath, we lay over, according to our usual custom, until Monday. We were in the vicinity of a magnificent plantation. Nine hundred acres were under

cultivation, worked by about one hundred and fifty negroes, who belonged to the estate. Not much cotton was in cultivation, owing to a recent law passed by the rebel Congress, restricting the cultivation of this article to two acres per hand during the war. We learned from the overseer that the owner of the estate had been accidentally killed a few months previously. Johnson's brigade, from Dallas county, Texas, on their way to Tennessee, were crossing at the Ferry. They were armed with double-barreled shot-guns, which, on a march, they swung over the horns of their saddles. Having dismounted, the men were standing on the bank of the river. One of the horses, happening to shake himself, the gun fell from the saddle, and as it struck the ground it was discharged, the loads of both barrels striking the planter. He died almost instantaneously, for the gun was heavily loaded with buck-shot.

We passed through the south-east corner of the Choctaw Nation about twelve miles, and then entered Sevier county, Arkansas. In this vicinity we passed two plantations belonging to a certain Major Jones. He kept sixty negroes on each of these plantations. On one he cultivated corn, on the other cotton. He had on the latter about five hundred acres in cultiva-

tion at this time. The cotton was about twenty inches high, and fifty or sixty negroes were at work cultivating it. Jones has four or five large plantations along the river, and is the wealthiest man in the Nation. He is said to be worth three millions of dollars.

In passing through some of the river bottoms in Sevier county, some of our sheep were poisoned, and we were obliged to halt a few days until they recovered from the effects of the poison. The gentleman from whom we obtained pasture had just received a dispatch from Little Rock to the effect that General Curtis had formed a junction with General Fitch, ex-Governor of Indiana, at Duval's Bluff, on White river. General Fitch was commander of the gunboats and transports on this river. On receiving this information, my brother concluded that, inasmuch as it would be necessary to remain with the drove a few days longer, he would go on to Arkadelphia, fifty-five miles from Little Rock, and endeavor to arrange for the sale of the mutton at that place. He returned after an absence of five days' hard riding, having made satisfactory arrangements for the sale of our sheep.

On the following Monday morning we started again, crossing the Sabine at Paraclifta and

the Little Missouri at Murfreesboro', arriving at Arkadelphia on the 16th, after a tedious and oppressive drive, the weather being extremely warm. Our flock was very readily disposed of, being the first that had been driven to the army in Arkansas.

Hindman, the rebel general in command at Little Rock, was very much alarmed at the threatening attitude of General Curtis. Hindman's force was small at the time, and had Curtis advanced, it was the openly expressed conviction of the rebels themselves that he would take the place; and under this impression, preparations were made to evacuate the town in case Curtis should move on it. Many of the sick had been brought to Arkadelphia, and others were on the way, all amounting to about five hundred. Three churches and two hotels had been taken, and were fitted up as hospitals. Many of the sick were dying. Though Hindman's force was small, I learned that his men were dying at the rate of about eighteen or twenty per day.

The mortality in the army of the Confederates is much greater than in the Union army, and the reason is obvious. Manual labor in the South was principally performed by the negroes. Few, comparatively, of the whites

are used to it. Now, when we consider that up to the time of which I am writing the great body of the Confederate army was made up of young men from eighteen or less to thirty-five years of age, it is easy to see the cause of the great mortality that prevails in the rebel ranks. Ladies, unused to the more difficult kinds of employment in which men are usually engaged, could never endure the fatigues of war. If compelled to undergo its hardships, they would sicken and die by multitudes. And yet ladies are just as capable of enduring the fatigues of war as many thousands of delicate and effeminate young men, such as fill up the ranks of the rebel army. They are entirely unused to labor, and when going out in the summer, must use an umbrella to protect them from the rays of the sun. This is the reason why so many thousands of men in the rebel army die of sickness—at least it is the chief reason. To this add the well known fact that they are very poorly clad and provided for, and it is easy to account for the great amount of sickness and the frightful mortality in their ranks. As an evidence of this, consider the terrible condition of their army at Vicksburg when that place capitulated to the Union forces in the summer of 1863. They are the victims of all sorts of diseases, and die in thousands.

CHAPTER IV.

Martial Law in Arkansas—Hunting Conscripts with Blood-hounds—Arrival of Troops from Texas—Buying Leather—Major Lewis and his Negro Wife—Southern Slanders of Northern Ladies—Amalgamation—Jim Lane—Suspicious Characters—Return to Texas—Martial Law in Texas—Passes—Plans of Union Men to Escape—Oath of Allegiance—In a Trap, and how to get out of it.

AT the time we were in Arkansas, the State was under martial law. Conscripts were being gathered for the army in the counties through which we passed on our way to Arkadelphia. Many poor fellows had fled to the mountains, but they afforded a poor refuge to the fugitives, for they were mercilessly pursued by blood-hounds. In Murfreesboro' I saw a long list of names, and descriptions of the men who fled from that county. Thirty dollars reward was offered for every one brought in. In Clarke county a different and more effectual plan of catching the delinquents was adopted. The inhabitants of the mountainous districts who were suspected of harboring the fugitives, were arrested, tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. Pardon was promised on

one condition. They were to return to their homes under an escort of soldiers, and if they could entrap and secure the conscripts, they would be pardoned. The plan succeeded. Thirteen of the "skedaddlers" were caught and brought in.

During our stay in Arkansas, there were frequent arrivals of troops from Texas. I inquired of them very frequently as to whether they were enforcing the conscript law in Texas. They uniformly replied that it was not being enforced when they left. From all the information I could gather, I concluded that, owing to the determined opposition which had been shown against the law in a great many counties, it would probably be a dead letter in Texas; or that if it should be enforced at all, it would at least be after the lapse of a considerable time, perhaps several months. I concluded that I might safely go back to Texas and sell the remainder of my property. This determination cost me trouble, as we shall afterwards see.

I procured a load of leather in Arkadelphia with much difficulty. Hindman had impressed some of the yards, and the owners of others were not willing to sell leather to dealers who would take it out of the State. I finally suc-

ceeded in procuring a load, however, and prepared to return to Texas.

When my brother went to Arkadelphia at first, he stopped on his way to and from that place with a certain Major Lewis, who kept a house of entertainment. He told me of the Major on his return, and remarked that he believed that that notable official was the husband of a negro wife. The Major was the only white person about the house; and the woman in question, who, from her appearance, was up in forty, was dressed in a most lady-like manner, acted the part of mistress of the establishment, and ordered the domestics about with an assumption of authority which indicated that she was no ordinary personage. In settling his bill in the morning, the Major could not make the change. He called the ebony mistress of the establishment to him, and speaking to her kindly and winningly, as any dutiful husband should, told her to make the change, which she did.

On Saturday morning, the 12th, we were within a short distance of the Major's. Remaining over until Monday, we obtained the history of this man from the planter from whom we procured pasturage. He was from Tennessee, in which State he had a white wife and several children, mostly grown up. He

left his wife and family, came to Arkansas, and bought land and negroes. After a few years, he sold land, negroes and all, not even reserving his black wife. When the purchaser came to take possession, the Major refused to give up his wife, and offered to buy her back again; but he had to pay dearly for his treasure, for the new master, knowing the state of affairs, refused to take less than three thousand dollars for her, which sum the Major was obliged to pay. Having become somewhat interested in this man's history, we made it convenient to stop and get dinner at his establishment. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we stopped and ordered dinner; but we did not have to wait long. It was soon ready. The black mistress of ceremonies presided at the table, and was exceedingly affable and talkative. She made many apologies for the hasty manner in which the dinner was prepared. Her dress, manners, and conversation were courtly, and had it not been for the blackness of her face, she would have passed for a lady anywhere.

It has always been the great delight of Southerners to accuse the people of the North of favoring negro equality and amalgamation. Many of the speakers who overran Texas before the ordinance of secession was passed,

affirmed that while traveling in the free States they frequently saw negro men paying their attentions to young ladies of the best classes of society—even to the daughters of clergymen; and that they seemed to prefer the society of such men to that of men of their own color. Such falsehoods are so transparent that they defeat their own object. Nobody believes them. What I have just stated is of no uncommon occurrence. Amalgamation is notorious in the South. Many of the slaves are almost white. In passing along the streets of any of the Southern towns, on a pleasant Sabbath afternoon, you will meet with large numbers of females belonging to this class, many of them having but few traces of negro blood, and richly clad in the highest style of fashion. It is not difficult to tell how they get these things.

During the summer of 1862, many suspicions and much alarm were occasioned by large numbers of men coming into the State in squads of two, three, four and five at a time. They generally stopped in the counties bordering on or near to Red river. They represented themselves to be Missouri secessionists, but many thought they were connected with a secret expedition about to be undertaken by Jim Lane of Kansas. It was believed that Lane would come down through the western part of

the Indian Territory and attack the Rangers on the frontier, and that when forces should be called for to repel him, these men would volunteer, procure arms, and then, when a fitting opportunity should present itself, they would go over in a body to Lane, and thus enable him to overrun the greater part of the State.

We crossed over into Bowie county on the 22d. On the following day we reached Clarksville, the capital of Red River county. When within a short distance of the town, we were halted and commanded to show our passes. We neither had passes nor supposed we needed them. When the guards learned that our residence was in the State, we were allowed to pass on. We were, however, obliged to procure passes before leaving Clarksville. This was the first intimation we had that martial law was in force in Texas. On the 24th, we passed through Paris, the capital of Lamar county; from thence to Honey Grove, where I had ordered the tombstones; thence to Bonham, the capital of Fannin county. In the latter place I disposed of my load of leather. We then passed on to the place where we sheared our sheep, and remained two days. While in this place, a friend informed me of a secret plan by which he and about sixty others

intended to escape out of the State and go to Missouri. I was invited to join them, and readily consented to do so.

The plan was this:—Each man was to be well armed and mounted. All were to start in company. It was to be given out that we were going to Missouri to enlist under the rebel general Coffee. If we should be suspected, and an effort made to stop us, we were to fight our way out. The company not intending to start before a week, and martial law not being in force in Fannin, Grayson, and Collin counties, and not, as I supposed, in Denton, I determined to go and put up the gravestones, and, if possible, sell the remainder of my property. I left Fannin on Monday, the 28th, intending to return during the latter part of the week. I arrived at the residence of my father-in-law on Tuesday evening. It was a complete surprise to the family, for they were fully persuaded that I would escape to the Union lines while in Arkansas. This was the general belief in the entire community. People had very little notion of the danger I would have incurred in such an attempt. Scouts were out every where. Conscripts were pursued by blood-hounds; and had I made the attempt and been captured, I would most likely have been shot as a deserter.

I soon learned that martial law was in force in Denton, and that all from sixteen to sixty were obliged to take the "Oath of Allegiance" to the Southern Confederacy; that all enrolled under the conscript law were required to meet the deputy enrolling officer in Denton on Saturday, the second day of August, to receive instructions as to when and where they should meet Captain Schneider, the proper enrolling officer, who was then at Owensville, Robertson county, where a camp of instruction was established; and, moreover, that no person was allowed to leave the county without a pass.

Here was a dilemma. Had I entertained the least suspicion that the county was under martial law, I would on no consideration have ventured to return. I was in, however, and had to make the best of it. My first resolve was to be off again immediately, and I would have started that very night, had it not been for the advice of my father-in-law, who dissuaded me from the attempt by saying that if caught I would be dealt with as a deserter. He thought it would be better for me to stay a day or two, tell some plausible story of my intentions, stay away from Denton, and then I might probably be able to leave the county on my Clarksville pass. This I concluded to do.

The next morning I went to my farm, and

thence to Bolivar, where I fell in company with one of the provost guards, who appeared very glad to see me back. He remarked that many had supposed that I would not return; but that he would not believe any such surmises, for, as my property was in the county, I would not leave without selling it. I replied that I was a truer man to my country than those who took occasion to talk against me; that if it had been my desire to escape to the North, I could easily have done so while I was in Arkansas; that I was not that kind of a man; that I had made the South my home; and that my property was in the South, and I was going to fight for it. He asked me if I was not liable to conscription. I replied that I was. Whether I had been conscripted? I replied that I had not. What was I going to do about it? To which I replied that efforts were making to raise a company of cavalry in Fannin county, to join General Pike in the Choctaw Nation; that they were offering fifty dollars bounty to each volunteer; and that I was going back to Fannin county to join the company, as I preferred to be connected with a cavalry regiment. This appeared to satisfy him very well. He also made some inquiries respecting my brother, which I answered to his satisfaction.

From Bolivar I went to Luginbyhl's. Tup-

per and Christian Luginbyhl had both been conscripted, but were hoping to be exempted when the conscripts should meet in Denton on the following Saturday. I remained over night with the Luginbyhl brothers, and next morning went back to the house of my father-in-law, intending to return on the following day to Fannin. But the net was tightening around me. On that very day, in the evening, I was waited on by two of the provost guards, one of them the man with whom I had conversed the day before. He stated that he had been informed by a man who came into Bolivar about fifteen minutes after I had left to go to Luginbyhl's, that I was going North to join the Union army, and that I must at once be taken to Denton and required to take the oath of allegiance. "I paid no attention to it," said he, "for I knew that the man was actuated by enmity. To-day I was notified again by another man, who threatened that if I did not attend to the matter at once, *I* would be attended to: and now I want to see your pass." I produced it. After reading it, he said that I would be obliged to go to Denton and be conscripted, and then get a pass from the Provost Marshal in order to go to the company I wished to join. "Get your horse," said he, "and we will accompany you there." Appear-

ing as cool as possible, in order to prevent suspicion, I replied that I was a truer man to my country than those who had slandered me; that what they reported was a base and malicious falsehood, and that I was ready to go with them at once; and I began immediately to prepare to go along with them to Denton. When they saw that I was willing to go with them at once, they said that as it was late in the evening, and the distance to Denton seven miles, and as it looked rather bad for neighbors to lead me into town as though I was unwilling to go, they would trust to my honor and honesty, if I would promise to go by myself in the morning. This I agreed to do, and they left. They were both Union men at heart, as I verily believe, but were compelled to be, like many others, secessionists from the teeth out. Early on Friday morning I set out for Denton according to my promise, fully persuaded that I could, without any difficulty, procure a pass to go to Fannin. To my sad disappointment, I was unable to get one; and worse still, was conscripted and compelled to take the oath of allegiance.*

All the conscripts were notified to meet the

*The subjoined form is almost word for word with the original.

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

TO THE

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

You, *GEORGE A. FISHER*, County of Denton, State of Texas, do solemnly swear that you will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the Confederate States of America against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that you will bear true faith, allegiance, and loyalty to the same, and in no way aid or abet the enemy, and will well and faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of you by the laws of the Confederacy; and, further, that you will faithfully comply with all laws that may be hereafter passed by the Congress of the Confederate States, in sustaining the Government. Also that you will never speak disrespectfully of the President, or attempt to get up *mutiny*, and will immediately inform on any person or persons, within your knowledge, who may perchance make such an attempt. The penalty of violating this, your solemn oath, is DEATH. And you also swear that, under no consideration, will you go beyond the military lines of the Confederate States of America, so help you God.

GEORGE A. FISHER. [SEAL.]

Sworn and subscribed to before me, at Denton, this 1st day of August, 1862.

JOHN LOVEJOY,
Provest Marshal for Denton County, Texas.

No. —

AGE, 27.

HEIGHT, 5 feet 8 inches.

EYES, Grey.

HAIR, Dark.

deputy, F. A. Leach, in Denton, on the following day, and receive instructions as to when and where they should meet Captain Schneider, the enrolling officer. I was told that I could then get a pass from him to go to Fannin and join the company of cavalry, as I desired. I returned home with a sad heart, resolving, however, to do the best I could under the circumstances. I returned to Denton on the following morning, still hoping for better success, but was doomed to disappointment again. Many of the conscripts had been trying to get passes to go and join volunteer companies; but not a pass could they procure. "You must go to the camp of instruction," said Leach to all the applicants; "I have no authority to grant passes. They must be procured from Captain Schneider." Seeing the ill success of others, I concluded that it was of no use for me to try. Tupper and Christian Luginbyhl each procured miller's certificates of exemption, according to the provisions of the conscript law then in force. Luginbyhl showed me his. That certificate afterwards saved my life, and was the means of my escape from Dixie.

CHAPTER V.

Still in the Trap—Captain Schneider—Captain Wells—Conscripts vs. Volunteers—Captain Welch—Marching—Dallas Fair Grounds—Arrest of a Volunteer—Prejudice against Foreigners—Comanche and Texan Feats of Horsemanship—Preference for the Cavalry Service.

I WAS notified, with the rest of the conscripts, to report at Wetherford, on the 5th of August, to Captain Schneider, who was on his way from Owensville with a number of conscripts, intending to make Wetherford a camp of instruction. We repaired to Wetherford on the day appointed, but Captain Schneider was not there. Leach had received a letter from him the day before, informing him that the camp was to be changed to Fort Worth, Farrant county. Leach countermanded the order, and we were sent back to our homes and directed to report at Fort Worth on the 15th.

During this time my brother came from Fannin to see me, knowing that something must be wrong, for I had confidently expected to return to that county the same week that I left it, to go to Missouri with the company of men which I have already mentioned. Seeing

how matters stood, and observing that I was considerably embarrassed at my prospects, he endeavored to encourage me by saying that the war would probably soon be over; for as soon as the North could bring the six hundred thousand new recruits into the field, they would soon crush the rebellion. He thought I would probably never be required to leave the State. He said that he was going to begin in a few days to buy wool for the Vicksburg market; and whenever he sold it, he would obtain a beef contract for the supply of the army. We had been offered a contract while in Arkadelphia, but did not at that time choose to take it.

During the few days which I had to myself before reporting at Fort Worth, being afraid I would not be permitted to return on furlough, and desiring to dispose of my land, I went to Denton and employed a lawyer to draw up a "power of attorney," authorizing my brother to sell both of my farms. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," says the old proverb; so I thought, and therefore determined to dispose of my property to the best advantage, feeling assured that, though it would not be finally lost to me, (for I can not doubt the final success of the Union arms,) the rebels would appropriate it to their own use

if I should desert, which I was fully determined to do at the earliest opportunity.

On the 15th I reported to Captain Schneider, who had arrived at Fort Worth with conscripts from Robertson, Limestone, Freestone, and some of the adjoining counties. Two drill officers and a drummer boy accompanied him, all of them being Germans, and speaking English very imperfectly. Captain Schneider had been a wholesale merchant of Galveston, and was the best drilled officer in the State. He had drilled a company in Galveston for eight years. He was a German by birth, as his name indicates, took part in the Revolution of 1848, and fought under General Sigel, with whom he is personally acquainted. He was commissioned by the rebel government to enroll the conscripts in twenty-one counties of the State of Texas, and drill them so that they should be ready for duty at any time. After the enrollment of the conscripts of Denton county, and before they reported to Captain Schneider at Fort Worth, Captain Otis G. Welch, a lawyer of Denton county, who had been for some time in the service, and had participated in the battle of Pea Ridge, returned home on furlough with a part of his men. Some of the conscripts, not being able to pro-

cure passes to go and join volunteer companies, took it upon themselves to join the company of Captain Welch, and failed, therefore, to report to Captain Schneider at Fort Worth. Schneider, on being informed of their volunteering, and of their refusal to report to him as directed, was nettled, and affirmed that he could pick a man from among the conscripts as good as himself, and that they two could go and take the men and march them to the camp. He had heard such boasts before, and knew what they amounted to. He asserted that Welch had made himself liable to a court-martial, for it was against the laws of the Confederate States for a conscript to volunteer, or for any officer to receive conscripts as volunteers. The volunteers, on their part, affirmed that Schneider could not muster men enough to take them; while he vowed that he would have every man of them, though it should require a whole brigade to take one man. The dispute came very near ending in bloody work, as we shall presently see.

Schneider had his camp of instruction at Fort Worth from the 15th of August to the 2d of September. We were drilled twice a day. At break of day every morning we were awakened by a few taps of the drum. Fifteen min-

utes were allowed to rise, wash, and dress. Then the drum beat for roll-call. After-roll call, we were marched out and drilled for two hours before breakfast—exercise enough, one would think, to whet a man's appetite. Our rations consisted of beef and flour. The flour was mixed with water, kneaded, and baked in a flat cake. Sometimes we received a little bacon and Confederate coffee. The flour was almost alive with woolly worms of all sizes, from very small ones up to those of an inch in length; and, incredible as it may seem, we were obliged to keep the sacks tied to prevent them from working the flour out. To make the matter still worse, not a seive could be procured, and we were obliged to make use of this strange kind of "shortening" to a much greater extent than was at all desirable! When one of our cakes was broken in pieces, the head and tail of many a well-baked creeper parted to meet no more. Cooking utensils being scarce, we were obliged to have large messes. Often from sixteen to twenty-five were put in one mess. There was not a tent in the encampment. All slept under the open canopy of heaven, with no covering except the blankets which the conscripts themselves were obliged to provide. We got along very well

in dry weather, but in wet weather it was exceedingly uncomfortable, and the discontent of the men found expression in terrible oaths and curses.

Our drilling took place in the morning and evening, occupying about two hours each time. By this plan we avoided the excessive heat of midday. The roll was called three times a day, before drill in the morning, after drill in the evening, and at nine o'clock P. M. From the time I reported at Fort Worth until the 14th of September, I endeavored to work myself into favor with the Captain, and succeeded so well that I obtained furloughs on two different occasions to return to Denton to attend to my property. My second furlough was dated August 30. The Captain informed me that he intended to leave Fort Worth on the 2d of September, and establish his camp at Britten Springs on Big Elm, in Denton county, and instructed me to report at that place on the 6th of September. During the time of this furlough, I fortunately found a purchaser and sold my farm on Duck Creek.

Schneider arrived at Britten Springs on the 4th of September. He passed through the town of Denton on his way, and came very near losing his life in a difficulty growing out

of the volunteering business before mentioned. On the previous day, Captain Wells, from Arizona, who had been sent out by Governor Baylor to procure volunteers, arrived in Denton, and posted bills in various places, offering great inducements to volunteers who should enlist in the cavalry under Governor Baylor. Wells was commissioned to recruit four thousand men, who were to serve as guerillas. They were to be paid the same wages as other volunteers, and, as an additional inducement, they were offered a full share of all the booty and plunder which should fall into their hands. Schneider promptly tore the bills down, Wells not being in town at the time. The act was no sooner done than two of Welch's men stepped up to Schneider and remarked that they had been informed that he had been making loud boasts that he could easily take the conscripts who had volunteered whenever he pleased, &c. They said that they would inform him once for all that though he *was* Captain Schneider, he could not and should not take the men who had volunteered in their company. One of the fellows presented a pistol and swore that if he undertook to apprehend them he would be a dead man, while the other stood by and urged and encouraged his companion to shoot the

d——d Dutchman. Such was the very warm reception the captain received in Denton.

I reported at Britten Springs on the 6th of September. The Springs are only four miles from Denton. Schneider was not, therefore, beyond the reach of annoyance from Welch's men. Very soon after my arrival, a squad of these desperate and reckless fellows paid a visit to our camp, well armed with revolvers and bowie knives. They rode all through the camp and around the Captain's office, and tried in every way to create a disturbance, so that they might have the satisfaction of shooting the Dutchman, as they contemptuously called him.

On the day following his arrival at Britten Springs, the Captain sent an order to the Provost Marshal of Cook county, to the effect that all the conscripts of that county should report to him at that place.

Captain Wells, whose bills Schneider had torn down in Denton, returned on Saturday, and on hearing of the affair was greatly enraged. On Sunday he and the same squad of men who had paid us a visit the day before, returned to the camp. Schneider was absent at the time of their arrival. Wells mounted a stump a short distance from the Captain's office, and made a speech to the conscripts. He told

us that the conscripts of Denton county had been illegally enrolled; that Schneider had no authority to deputize Leach to enroll the county, and that every man who had been enrolled by Leach might legally volunteer. He indulged in sundry invectives against foreigners, especially the Dutch, and gave it as his opinion that America should be ruled by Americans. Before he finished his speech Schneider arrived, and ordered the drum to be beat to call the men together. Few obeyed the call until the speaker concluded. When he had finished his speech, Wells presented a paper for the purpose of obtaining the names of such as desired to volunteer, instructing them to meet him at Beale's Station, a place about one hundred miles west of Britten Springs, where Baylor had collected about two thousand men. He told the men that every one who volunteered would be protected, and said he wanted no man who had not energy enough to fight his way to the place of rendezvous. Wells procured many volunteers, for the men were very much dissatisfied with the way in which Schneider and Leach conducted the business of conscription. Schneider deputed Leach to attend to the matter in Denton county, and promised to pay him a certain stipulated sum for each man

enrolled. Leach, in order to make a profitable job of it, desired to enroll as many as possible, and therefore failed to give the usual notification to those subject to conscription, so as to give them an opportunity to volunteer if they preferred to do so. He directed the Provost Marshal to notify all who were subject to conscription to meet him in Denton, conscripted them all, and then directed them to meet him again in Denton on the 2d of August, and he would give such of them as desired to volunteer passes, in order that they might go and join the regiments of their choice, making them believe that they could volunteer as well after being conscripted as before.

In the mean time, he sent in the roll of the conscripts, and immediately received orders to grant no passes, and to direct the men to meet at the general rendezvous, as already mentioned. After Wells had presented his paper and obtained some volunteers, he and all of us repaired to Captain Schneider's office. Schneider attacked Wells immediately for coming to his camp and inducing his men to volunteer after they were conscripted. Wells replied that if Schneider had not torn down his bills in Denton he would not have troubled him; to which Schneider replied that he was right in

doing as he had done; that he had authority to appoint Leach as his deputy to enroll the conscripts of Denton county; and to confirm his word, he pulled out his papers, which showed that he had authority to appoint a deputy. One word brought on another. Wells made use of most violent and abusive language. Welch's men again rode through the camp like a set of clowns, performing all sorts of antics, and roundly cursing the Dutch Captain, calling upon him to show himself if he dared, and swearing that they would ride over him if he dared to take the men who had enlisted in their company; and vowed that if he made the attempt they would take his heart's blood. They finally left for Denton, but hinted that they would make it convenient to call again.

Soon after they left, Captain Schneider made a short speech to the men. He told us that if he had felt persuaded that we would have stuck to him and assisted him, he would never have permitted the saucy fellows to carry on as they had done. "They knew," said he, "that we had no arms to defend ourselves, or they would have been more sparing of their braggadocias. To have used my side arms alone against so many would only have made matters worse. It was just what they wanted." Schneider at

once determined to remove the camp to Dallas, in Dallas county, where part of a regiment was stationed. At that place he knew he would have an opportunity to borrow arms, and he determined, if his troublesome neighbors should pay him another visit, to take them prisoners and have them court-martialed for disorderly conduct.

The next morning, about two o'clock, we were awakened by the beat of the drum, in order to prepare breakfast, pack up, and get ready to start at daylight. When the time arrived, we had our wagons loaded with our cooking utensils and the scanty stock of provisions we had on hand, and at once set out on our march to Dallas, a distance of fifty miles. Captain Schneider, leaving the conscripts in charge of the drill officers, went forward with a mounted body guard, intending to reach Dallas on the evening of the same day. We were ordered to encamp the following night at Wit's Mill, on the Trinity river, a distance of thirty miles from our camp at Britten Springs. Each man had to carry his own baggage, clothing, and bedding, weighing from thirty to sixty pounds. It was the first whole day I had marched. In the afternoon it rained, making marching much more difficult. Towards even-

ing a few, including myself, gave out, and had we not been favored a little, we would not have reached the mill that day. We fortunately found shelter in vacant houses during the night by crowding in as thickly as possible. After all, however, I was a little unlucky. Our mess consisted of sixteen men. We cooked in turn, two at a time. By this arrangement, I was cook every eighth day. My turn fell on this day, and after a hard march of thirteen hours, I and my fellow unfortunate were obliged to get supper for our mess. It was ten o'clock before we finished our work; and in the morning we had to be up two hours before day, so as to have breakfast over and be ready to march again by daylight.

We reached Dallas on the 9th, about two o'clock P. M., but did not stop long in the town. The Captain conducted us out of the town about two miles east, near to the Fair grounds, where we rested for the night, without any protection from the rain, which was falling fast, and gave us a good soaking before morning. The Captain told me that Denton was the third county from which he had been driven in the process of enrolling the conscripts. He said that the other two were in good part wooded counties, and that in going on before

his men, he was obliged to carry his revolver in his hand ready for use in a moment, to defend himself against bushwhackers along the route. He assigned two reasons for such opposition,—hatred of conscription and personal enmity to himself on the ground of his being a German.

On the following day, the Captain selected the Fair grounds as a camp, and then went to Dallas in a wagon, and borrowed a quantity of arms for the conscripts. He kept a guard on duty day and night, for fear of Captains Welch and Wells and their men, who, thinking they had run him out of Denton, would probably try to do the same at Dallas.

The area of the Fair grounds consisted of about five acres, enclosed by a good stout plank fence, about eight feet in height. The grounds contained a fine, substantial building, forty feet long by twenty-five wide, and two stories high. On the front of the upper story there was a porch facing the ring, with a flight of steps descending from the porch to the ground. The upper story was divided into two apartments for the exhibition of ladies' works of art. The lower story was kept for a room in which to exhibit horses. A little distance from this building stood another, in the

form of a crescent. In the center was the judge's office, with a very handsome portico fitted up for the accommodation of a band of musicians. The tiers of seats on each side of the judge's office would accommodate six hundred persons. Better arrangements were made for the accommodation of spectators than in any other grounds I ever saw. The whole must have cost many thousands of dollars, for the pine lumber had to be hauled by ox teams a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, from the eastern part of the State.

When the Captain had occasion to go to Dallas, he no longer went on horseback and alone, as he had been accustomed to do while we remained in the vicinity of Fort Worth, but he went in a wagon, taking five or six men along with him. It was not difficult to guess the reason. He was afraid of being waylaid and assassinated if he went alone. Before leaving the old camp, he wrote to the Provost Marshal of Cook county, directing him to instruct the conscripts of that county to report to him at Dallas instead of Britten Springs. The letter did not arrive in time. Some of the conscripts went to Britten Springs at the time first appointed, and not finding Schneider there, returned to their homes and swore they would

report no more. Some who were notified by the Provost Marshal, and who, therefore, reported at Dallas, brought this intelligence.

On Thursday, the 11th, I and some of my messmates were in Dallas, in company with Captain Schneider. It happened that the Captain fell in with the very man who so grossly insulted him in Denton, and who tried to urge his companion to shoot him. As soon as Schneider saw him, he got out a writ and caused him to be arrested and put into the guard-house. There was danger in effecting the arrest, and as I had no object in exposing myself to danger, and only desired to effect my escape, I and my messmate strolled carelessly out of town, and remained until we had reason to believe the affair was over. When we returned, the chap was safely secured in the guard-house, with an armed sentinel watching the door; while a crowd of spectators had collected and were peering curiously at the prisoner. Just as we reached the door, one of the officers belonging to the regiment which was stationed at Dallas, came up and made a mark the width of the house and pavement, and directed the sentinel to allow no one, not even an officer, to pass over the line. If any man should step over, the soldier was directed

to halt him, present bayonet, and if, when ordered to step back, he refused to do so, he was to be bayoneted on the spot. Schneider was not present when the mark was made and the order given, but soon returned. Not noticing the mark, and knowing nothing of the order, he walked up carelessly, as though he intended to enter the guard-house. He was soon brought to a halt and compelled to retreat, not without some mortification on his part, for it seemed to please some of the bystanders, one of whom remarked that that was the way he liked to see the d—d Dutchman made to stand about.

There was a general desire on the part of most of the Texans to enlist in the cavalry branch of the service. They are among the best horsemen in the world, perhaps unexcelled by any except the Camanche Indians, their neighbors, who are unrivaled in their feats of horsemanship. It is asserted that these wild sons of the plains will sometimes gallop through settlements on the frontier, and, watching their opportunity, will swoop past a house at which they may chance to see children playing, grasp a child by the hair, run a knife around the head above the ears, and with a sudden jerk pluck the scalp from the scull, all in a few

seconds, and while their horses are at full gallop. The Texans are not much behind them. I have seen men riding around a circle at full speed, and picking a hat, and in one case half a dollar, from the ground, without slackening their velocity. The stock-herders, being a good portion of their time in the saddle, are especially expert; many of them throw the lasso with as much precision as Mexicans or Spaniards. They can easily cast it over the horns of a wild cow while running at full speed. Many of them are as restless and nomadic in their habits and mode of life as the Arabs of the Desert. Among such men, it was not difficult to procure plenty of volunteers at the beginning of the war. Each man supplied his own uniform, horse, and equipage, for which he was allowed from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars, according to a fair valuation, and was then paid at the rate of twenty-seven dollars per month.

CHAPTER VI.

Volunteering at the Beginning of the War—More Calls for Men, and less Inclination to Respond—Plans to Prevent an Outbreak in Texas—Filling Requisitions for Men—Speeches to Encourage the Conscripts—Guarding against Mutiny—Rebel Destitution—Negroes—Their Sentiments—Their Numbers.

AT the commencement of the war, men were called out and enlisted for one year. It was confidently expected that there would not be more than one or two little battles, and the soldiers were made to believe they would very soon be permitted to return home, and could draw pay for one year. I do not think that the leaders of the rebellion participated in these views, but they found it very convenient to make the masses believe so. Their scheme was well and deeply laid; and to accomplish it, it seemed as though they would move heaven and earth. Such views being commonly entertained and industriously circulated, thousands of men were induced to volunteer at the outbreak of the war. But thousands more were needed. Call succeeded call, until men

ceased to wonder; and, what was worse for the Confederates, few responded to the calls. The want of men became pressing, and it was found necessary to resort to other means to procure them. It was given out that there would be a draft in a very short time, if the quotas of the different counties were not filled up by volunteering. This induced many to volunteer; and when the streams of volunteers again began to fail, an inducement of fifty dollars was offered, and men were still permitted to enter the service as cavalrymen, with the pay of twenty-seven dollars per month.

We shall soon see how the rebel leaders kept faith with their dupes. All these plans finally failed to fill up the depleted ranks of their army, and they were obliged to resort to conscription. The State was divided into districts of about twenty-one counties each. Each district was assigned to an enrolling officer. To guard against rebellion, the conscript law was put in force in the southern parts of the State first. They then gradually approached the northern and north-western parts of the State, passing over the Union counties, and conscripting in those in which the rebel element predominated. In this way, they gradually drew the net around communities in which

the law could not otherwise have been enforced. Denton being a noted rebel county, was enrolled and conscripted for several weeks before the adjoining counties. In the town of Denton there were but two Union men. On Clear creek we were pretty equally divided as long as men were allowed to express their sentiments,—some as good Union men as could be found anywhere, and some as bitter rebels as the Confederacy contained.

The object of camps of instruction was to drill the conscripts, and thus fit them for active duty at any time their services should be demanded. Scarcely a week passed without a requisition coming from some quarter, and it was at once promptly filled. This gave the conscripts no choice whatever. We neither knew when nor where we should be required to go. We were any day liable to be separated from messmates and acquaintances, and compelled to go among strangers. While we were encamped at Fort Worth, a requisition was sent to Captain Schneider for a number of men, which he filled. While at Britten Springs, another requisition was made. Being among the fortunate both times, I still remained in camp. Public speakers very frequently visited us in camp, and made speeches

to encourage us. The general drift of their speeches was that we would not be obliged to fight long; that the war would very soon be over; and that the North would very speedily acknowledge our independence, and abandon their vaunted plan of subjugation. It required all the eloquence they were masters of to keep the men in good spirits. We had no arms, and no prospect of obtaining any soon. We were profoundly ignorant of passing events, few papers being published in the State, owing to the scarcity of paper. And, indeed, what were published, were notoriously unreliable. Men could not speak the truth or publish the truth with safety. Editors and publishers pandered to the depraved public taste. I never saw but one acknowledgment of defeat, and that was at Fort Donelson. Every thing else was victory, victory, sometimes followed by a retreat, but always in good order. While I took the *Houston Telegraph*, I had the opportunity of reading a number of Vallandigham's speeches. Whether or not they were exaggerated reports of his speeches, I am not able to say; this I can say, however, they pleased the editor hugely, and he was one of the worst secessionists in the State, although a New Englander by birth. He always commented

and approved Vallandigham's speeches, and recommended them to the careful attention of his readers.

On Sabbath, the 7th day of September, a lawyer from McKinney, Robinson by name, made a speech to the conscripts. The substance of his speech was as follows: "Fellow soldiers, cheer up! I have glorious news for you. I have had the pleasure of perusing a late dispatch, giving an account of a great victory at Richmond. It was the greatest battle on record. Our soldiers fought with unparalleled bravery. The two armies fought hand to hand in the streets, and the dead were piled up in some places fifteen feet deep. The Union loss is 125,000 men, ours 75,000. Our men captured 80,000 stand of small arms, and a large number of the enemy's cannon. Glory enough in one day! And as to Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, it is the best thing he could have done for us. There are many men in Kentucky and Missouri, and, indeed, in all parts of the South, who were wavering. It has confirmed them as our friends. They see that this war is a war for the negro. Thousands have espoused our cause who would not have done so had it not been for the Proclamation. We do not intend or expect to whip the

North. They have the advantage of us in the number of men, arms, and munitions of war. Our plan is to fight them until they begin to fight amongst themselves. From present indications, and judging from the speeches of Vallandigham, we will not be obliged to hold out long. When that time comes, they will be bound to acknowledge our independence, for they cannot fight at home and fight us too. All we have to do is to stand firm and show them we are united and determined, and independence is ours. Consider for a moment the number of men it requires to hold a place after they get it. This weakens their army. When we abandon a place, all we lose is the place. Our army is still concentrated and ready for united and vigorous action, whereas theirs is necessarily weakened and scattered. Their army has been living on us ever since the war began; but I am pleased to see by a late order that our mode of warfare is to be changed. Instead of trying to hold certain places, we will allow them to fall into the hands of the Federals, and then march in overwhelming force into Pennsylvania and other Northern States, destroy their property, burn their towns, and lay waste their country. This will compel their army to retreat from our soil, and enable

us to subsist our army in their country. It will also stir up a rebellion in the North; for those among them who are opposed to the war will cry for peace, and if they do not get it, they will rebel."

It may strike the reader that there are some things in this speech that do not comport very well with the assertion which is so often made in the South, that Northern men are all Abolitionists. They make this assertion to influence the poor ignorant masses. The well-informed know better. Indeed, some of the most tyrannical slaveholders are men of Northern birth. I am personally acquainted with some Northern men in Denton who are uncompromising secessionists. Captain Otis G. Welch is one of them.

While on furlough in Denton, I called to see one of my neighbors, a very respectable and reliable man, who had just arrived from Little Rock. He belonged to the army of General Hindman, and had been detailed, with some others, to bring back a lot of horses belonging to the soldiers who had gone from Texas. I have already intimated that most of the Texan volunteers entered the cavalry branch of the service. Forage being very scarce and difficult to obtain in that mountainous part of the coun-

try, Hindman was compelled to dismount the most of his cavalry and put them in regiments of infantry, many of them with Arkansas conscripts. Thus the very advantages which induced them to volunteer were taken away; they were deprived of their horses, and their wages were reduced to eleven dollars a month. Of course the soldiers were bitterly opposed to this new order of things. It was difficult to keep down mutiny; and Hindman was obliged to resort to artifice and tricks in order to accomplish his purpose. He sent out large scouting parties on about quarter rations, and kept them scouting over the mountains for weeks, with strict orders to neither beg or buy any rations while absent from camp. Death was the penalty of violating the order. In a short time both men and horses were so reduced that they were glad to submit.

Most of the conscripts were clad in homespun of the coarsest kind. It was all that they could obtain. Goods of all descriptions were fabulously dear. Indeed, many articles formerly regarded as indispensably necessary, could not be procured at all. Previous to the outbreak of the war, there were five good stores in Denton; at the time of which I speak, there was but one, and the goods on hand were of

the poorest kind. The scarcity of goods was confined to no particular locality; it was universal. Confederate scrip was abundant, and hence prices were paid for goods which seem incredible. A pair of cotton hand-cards, before the war, could be bought for seventy-five cents. Before I left the State, they were selling readily for twenty dollars. The article was scarce and the demand great,—hence the highness of the price. There were no cotton spinning factories in the State, and therefore all the home-made goods were manufactured by hand. The music of the cotton-cards and the wheel took the place of the piano and the melodeon. Most of the ladies joined the “Homespun Society,” the members of which pledged themselves to wear nothing but what was manufactured in the Confederacy. They had probably read the fable of the fox and the grapes; when he found he could not get them, he pronounced them to be sour. I may be judging them harshly, however. Most of them had husbands, sons, brothers, or lovers in the army, and many an appeal for clothing was made to the willing workers at home. When the ladies of the North are obliged to make all their own clothing, pay forty dollars per sack for salt, and pro-

portionally as much for every thing else, they may then begin to complain of hard times.

One thing that very materially increased the difficulty of procuring an adequate supply of clothing, was the great influx of negroes into the State. After the beginning of the war, thousands were brought in from Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other States, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Union army. So numerous were these "refugees," that hundreds of them could have been hired for their boarding. It was, I think, a great mistake of the slaveholders to introduce so large an element from the Border States among the slaves of the Gulf States. They had learned "a thing or two," and were by no means uninterested observers of the great movements that were taking place. Insubordination increased wherever the northern slaves were taken. Notions of freedom which they had entertained were communicated to others, and the whole slave population was in a foment. "I wish dat old Lincoln was dead," said one of the native slaves belonging to a neighbor of mine to another slave recently brought from the north. "Now you jis hush up," was the reply; "you'll see dat Lincoln will free all us darkies."

The influx of slaves into Texas has been great for many years. From 1858 to 1860 the increase in the value of slave property was more than 87 per cent. From 1860 to 1862 it must have been far greater. I append a statistical table, showing the immense increase in the slave population and in the value of slave property in one year, 1859. The increase was much greater after the commencement of the war.

This table is authentic, being copied from a Texas almanac, which was sent to my father in 1860.

NO. OF NEGROES AND THEIR VALUE, IN THE STATE OF TEXAS, FOR THE YEAR 1859.

COUNTY.	NEGROES.		COUNTY.	NEGROES.		COUNTY.	NEGROES.	
	No.	Value.		No.	Value.		No.	Value.
Anderson.....	3075	\$1876950	Denton.....	210	\$138240	Jasper.....	1347	\$701380
Angelina.....	427	269550	De Witt.....	1069	56620	Jefferson.....	259	156600
Atascosa.....	90	46970	Ellis.....	847	453500	Johnson.....	289	15500
Austin.....	2745	1548900	El Paso.....	Karnes.....	282	175080
Bandera.....	14	6650	Erath.....	61	40650	Kaufman.....	543	332679
Bastrop.....	2293	1286842	Falls.....	1320	775450	Kerr.....	64	36350
Bee.....	38	1900	Fannin.....	1543	764370	Lamar.....	1942	929800
Bell.....	959	537600	Fayette.....	2884	1653330	Lampasas.....	139	91800
Bexar.....	1137	733059	Fort Bend.....	2952	1966300	Lavaca.....	1397	764580
Blanco.....	67	39945	Freestone.....	2947	1818951	Leon.....	2206	1227375
Bosque.....	213	135230	Galvestone.....	1172	708120	Liberty.....	904	465050
Bowie.....	2269	1167139	Gillespie.....	32	15625	Limestone.....	854	604207
Brazoria.....	4440	2582975	Goliad.....	638	377650	Live Oak.....	43	22700
Brazos.....	599	387450	Gonzales.....	2738	1443365	Llano.....	68	42900
Brown.....	10	6800	Grayson.....	1037	616610	McLennan.....	1987	1098800
Burleson.....	1566	953150	Grimes.....	4019	2230400	Madison.....	609	431350
Burnet.....	229	136810	Guadalupe.....	1909	996795	Mason.....	49	31800
Caldwell.....	1357	816890	Hamilton.....	Matagorda.....	181	1012750
Calhoun.....	360	190300	Hardin.....	127	70710	Medina.....	102	42900
Cameron.....	Harris.....	1473	96960	Millam.....	154	639532
Cass.....	4697	2387500	Harrison.....	8095	6174300	Montague.....	2106	1296380
Chambers.....	349	197150	Hays.....	734	43140	Montgomery.....	2108	1200855
Cherokee.....	2744	1511650	Henderson.....	910	612450	Nacogdoches.....	1940	982925
Collin.....	873	481150	Hidalgo.....	Navarro.....	861	463370
Colorado.....	2631	1480615	Hill.....	532	273330	Newton.....	277	144500
Comal.....	74	33900	Hopkins.....	647	412080	Nueces.....	277	144500
Comanche.....	62	41200	Houston.....	2183	1306281	Orange.....	139	81250
Cooke.....	271	164310	Hunt.....	485	309100	Palo Pinto.....	2201	1345520
Coryell.....	272	145950	Jack.....	49	32435	Panola.....	176	103850
Dallas.....	871	486369	Jackson.....	887	489100	Parker.....

CHAPTER VII.

Plans of Escape—Dangers of the Attempt—Send for my Brother—Miller's Certificate of Exemption—Feigned Sickness—Interview with Captain Schneider—Obtain a Furlough—Set out for Denton—The Journey—Meet my Brother again—Sell the Remainder of my Property—Troubles and Dangers of Enrolling Officers—Speculation—Letter to Captain Schneider—Reflections—Discussion about the Miller's Certificate—Schemes to obtain Possession of Luginbyhl's Certificate—My Brother's Adventure.

I NEVER abandoned the intention of escaping at the earliest possible moment. Having been defeated in my plan of escaping with the company who fled to Missouri from Fannin county, I at once set to work to devise some other plan of escape. I had been conscripted in consequence of the malicious interference of personal enemies, who gloried in their achievement, and boasted of their lies. I was bitterly opposed to secession and disunion. I was maddened by the brutality with which Union men were treated. I panted to breathe the air of freedom. I had been *compelled* to take the oath of allegiance. I was required to fight against my conscience, my friends, and my

country. I was called upon to fight against freedom and constitutional government; to insult and trample upon the glorious flag of the Union. This was more than I could bear.

I determined to be free or die in the attempt. I knew the danger that attended such an undertaking. I knew that if I made the attempt and failed, and was recognized as a deserter, death was my doom. The law was rigidly enforced; and we were constantly reminded of it. Captain Schneider was very careful to guard against mutiny and desertion. He read the law every day after roll-call, dwelling with particular emphasis on that part of it which related to mutineers and deserters. Officials were not slow to execute it. They did not give a man a chance to desert twice. Death was the penalty of the first offence. After passing many a sleepless night in laying plans of escape, I at last adopted an expedient which was, if not altogether, at least in good part successful. It was this: to get Luginbyhl's miller's certificate of exemption into my possession, and then travel into the northern part of Arkansas as a miller on business. I saw the necessity of acting prudently and cautiously, and therefore wrote to my brother, telling him to come and see me, as I had some-

thing of importance to tell him. I did not dare to say a word about my plan by letter. After receiving my letter, he paid me a visit on Friday, the 12th. I stated to him the scheme that I had laid in order to make my escape. After explaining my plan to him, he first advised me to wait until I was put into some regiment, and then, in time of a battle, or a short time before, while the two armies would be within a short distance of each other, to desert. He said that if I should desert while at the camp of instruction, I would have a long road to travel through the enemy's country before I would reach the lines of the Union army. After finding, however, that I was determined to desert before I should be put into a regiment, he encouraged me in the scheme that I had laid, saying that he would not be afraid to try it, if he were in my circumstances. After an interview of two or three hours, during which he did much to encourage me, he started back to Denton.

Ever since I was conscripted, I had endeavored to win the confidence of Captain Schneider, in order that I might the more easily accomplish my design. My plan was to get a furlough to go to Denton, so as to have a few days the start. I was fearful, however, that

he would deny me, unless I could give a very plausible reason for desiring leave of absence. I was very successful. I won his entire confidence, and he called me one of his right hand men. He had given no furloughs since he left Britten Springs, in consequence of many having abused them. Not a few obtained furloughs to go and see their friends, as they said, but they never returned. Some of them probably volunteered under Baylor, and some deserted. He therefore refused to issue any more furloughs. This was a difficulty which I must overcome, if possible. It would, in all probability, have been a fatal mistake to set out without a furlough. The roll was called three times a day; if a man was not present to answer to his name, he would be marked as a deserter. To go without a furlough would only give a few hours start. He would be almost sure to be caught and shot. This being the case, I set myself to work to procure one. In order to escape suspicion on the part of my messmates, I pretended to be unwell. Anxiety of mind and loss of sleep were in my favor; and I really *did* look as if something was the matter. I ate very little, and went to bed before roll-call, at nine o'clock, asking one of my companions to say that I was unwell and in

bed. I practiced this deception for about a week. On the day after my brother paid me a visit, three requisitions were made, one of them being for men to go to Galveston. The Captain did not intend to fill these requisitions before the first of the following week.

On the 14th of September, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I saw him sitting at the top of the circular building in the Fair grounds. He was alone. Concluding that now was my chance to ask for a furlough, I went up and took a seat beside him. I flattered myself that I could introduce the matter in such a way as to gain my object. I denounced severely the conduct of Captain Welch and his men at Britten Springs, and animadverted bitterly on the course pursued by Captain Wells, who was raising men for Baylor. After talking for some time, I remarked that I was very sorry on one account that we had left sooner than was expected; I had sold a tract of land conditionally. My prospective purchaser was to let me know on the 8th, the day we left, whether he would take it or not. If he had concluded to do so, I was to go back to Denton and make him a deed. I went on to state that having lost my wife, there was no one to care for my property, and I was afraid that if the

prairie should take fire, all my improvements would be burnt. Finding that he was in an obliging mood, I concluded that now was my chance, and remarked that I would like very much to obtain a furlough to go to Denton and dispose of my property. He asked me for what length of time I wanted a furlough. I replied that I should like to obtain one for a week; that as the distance was fifty-six miles, it would take me the greater part of the time to go and return, leaving me but a short time to attend to the sale of my farm. He rose and told me to come down to the office, and he would give me a furlough, although he had denied others. My feelings may be imagined; I can not express them. I had hardly expected to succeed; others had failed but a few hours before. The furlough read as follows:

FURLOUGH OF ABSENCE.

DALLAS FAIR GROUNDS, TEXAS, }
September 14th, 1862. }

I do hereby certify that GEORGE A. FISHER has leave of absence from the camp of instruction, to report to me again on the 20th inst.; if not, HE IS TO BE DEALT WITH AS A DESERTER.

CAPTAIN — SCHNEIDER,
Enrolling Officer.

“To be dealt with as a deserter,” was in-

served in all the furloughs in capital letters. After reading it, I remarked to the Captain that I was unwell, and had been unwell for about a week, and that I was afraid that I was going to have a turn of fever, the symptoms being about the same as about a year ago, when I had a severe attack. I told him that if I should be taken down with fever, I would prefer to remain at the house of my father-in-law rather than be sick in camp; and said that if I was unable to return by the 20th, I would report by letter. While I was in the office, he wrote a few lines for me to carry to Mr. Hamilton, the owner of a steam flouring-mill within a mile of Britten Springs, instructing him to draw pay from the Quartermaster for the flour which he had furnished to the conscripts.

I started immediately, not taking time to eat dinner, still pretending that I was too unwell. I traveled sixteen miles that afternoon, and at night slept more soundly than for many a night before. I made an early start the next morning, and arrived at Hamilton's mill about sunset, a distance of thirty miles. I delivered the letter and passed on, wishing to reach the house of my father-in-law that evening. After going some distance, the night being cloudy, I

lost my way, and was compelled to lay out all night, miles from any human habitation. I slept very little, owing to the howling of the prairie wolves. I resumed my journey at day-break, and reached the house of my father-in-law about eight o'clock. Here I very unexpectedly met my brother. He had just saddled his horse, and would have been off in a few minutes for Cook county. He had employed some men in that county to go to Palo Pinto, on the Brazos, where he had contracted for a quantity of wool. He had arranged that they should return through Denton, and that he would forward all that he had purchased, about ten thousand pounds in all, to Vicksburg. Being greatly pleased to see me so soon following him, and thinking it might be the last time we would be together, he delayed his journey until the next day.

I was fortunately able to sell my farm, a few horses, and other property, at reduced prices. I was glad to sell at any price. I went to Denton to make the deed. While there I met some of Captain Welch's men. They were in a terrible passion about their comrade's arrest and confinement in the guard-house, as I have already related. They were vowing vengeance. They said that the Captain and whole company

were intending to go to Dallas the next day, and that out of the guard-house their companion should and would come; and they affirmed that they would not leave the place until they killed the Dutchman (Captain Schneider). I never heard the result. I afterwards saw a statement in the papers that five enrolling officers had been shot while engaged in conscripting. Schneider may have been one of the number. Before leaving town, I called on the physician and got a few pills, thinking it would do no harm to take a few doses before starting on my trip.

From the time my brother had come from Fannin county to see what was detaining me, when caught and conscripted, up to the time of my leaving camp, he had been engaged in buying wool. It afforded a chance for a good speculation. Wool could be bought on the Brazos for from twenty-five to thirty cents per pound; in Fannin and adjoining counties it could be obtained for fifty cents; while in Vicksburg it readily sold for one dollar per pound. Returning from town, he and I spent the night together with my father-in-law, a night which I think we will never forget. I arranged with him that when he returned from the Brazos, he should stop and get two horses

which I had not sold. On the next morning, Wednesday, the 17th, we bade each other farewell, he going to Cooke county, I to Luginbyhl's, to endeavor by some manœuvering to get possession of his certificate of exemption. After a few hours' ride I arrived at the place, and pretended to be very unwell. While there, I sat down and wrote the following letter Captain Schneider:

CLEAR CREEK, DENTON COUNTY, TEXAS, }
September 17th, 1862. }

CAPTAIN SCHNEIDER:

Sir—I am sorry to inform you that, owing to the bad state of my health, I will be unable to report to you on the 20th inst. This is the judgment of my physician. I am under a course of medical treatment, and can not safely expose myself to the heat. I hope, however, by proper care and treatment, soon to be able to report myself ready for duty.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE A. FISHER.

Does the reader demand any justification of my conduct? I have no hesitation in saying that, under ordinary circumstances, the man who, by arts and artifices, gains the confidence of another and then abuses it, is a heartless and unfeeling scoundrel. Under the circumstances in which I was placed, however, I felt perfectly justifiable in doing as I did. I would not have

done so if I could have avoided it; I would not do so except from the direst necessity. But principle was involved. There was an inward monitor which told me that I did not do wrong. I could not bear arms in defense of a government of robbers and murderers. I could not identify myself with a cause that has called down upon it the withering scorn of the civilized world. I could not strike at the flag of the free, and help to drag the emblem of liberty in the dust. I could not forget the associations of my childhood and boyhood. I could not forget home and friends in the far distant North. I could not do any of these things—and therefore I did as I did. Is there any one whose eye may scan these pages that would not have done the same under the circumstances? But to return to my narrative.

In the evening of the day that I arrived at Luginbyhl's, I intentionally got up an argument in regard to the miller's certificate of exemption. I differed entirely with Luginbyhl, hoping by this means to get him to produce his, in order to convince me that I was wrong. I hoped in this way to find out where he kept it. I was successful; for, after contending with me for some time, and finding I was so positive, he said he would soon convince me that I was

wrong. Going to the bookcase, he got a key and unlocked his trunk, which was standing in a corner of the room, and took out three large day-books, and in one of them got his certificate, and, laughing, handed it to me, saying: "You will acknowledge the corn now, won't you?" I took the certificate, read it, and acknowledged that I was wrong. He then took it and put it in one of the day-books, (which, I did not notice, and this want of attention caused me considerable trouble afterwards,) put them in his trunk, locked it, and put the key in its place in the bookcase. My very success caused me uneasiness; for I was so overjoyed that I was afraid I would speak out and betray myself in my sleep.

Morning came. I spent the most of the day lying on the lounge watching for an opportunity to get the certificate into my possession. I ought to add here that the loss of the certificate would involve Luginbyhl in no trouble. So long as he remained in the employment of a miller, he was safe under the law then in force, and could easily get another certificate on application to the proper officer. My object in trying to get it without his knowledge, instead of asking for it, was to keep my intention of deserting concealed. Not feeling well, in consequence of tak-

ing medicine, I kept pretty close to the house. Once or twice I walked down to the mill, which was some ten rods distant. While there, my eyes and ears were open. I noted the engine, its size and power, the builder's name, and other particulars. I inquired how many pounds of flour they made to the bushel, where they sold their flour, and asked many other questions which it was important for me to know in the character of a miller, which I was about to assume. Mills being mostly kept throng at that season of the year, they ground every night until twelve o'clock.

On Thursday evening, about eleven o'clock, I was down at the mill, and to my astonishment in came my brother. I had imagined that he was many miles away. His appearance was so unexpected that he seemed like one risen from the grave. I was shocked. I knew something must be wrong, and I was not long in finding out what it was. He had hired a man by the name of Taylor, in Cooke county, to haul a load of wool to Vicksburg, and had been at his house several times over night. He had gone to him to hurry him up so that all the teams could start at the same time.* Taylor was a

*There being no railroads in the northern part of Texas, transportation is all done by ox-teams—seven or eight yoke being often attached to one wagon.

Methodist preacher or exhorter, a character frequently met with in many parts of the State. He was a strong Union man, and had been accused of abolitionism. At various times his life had been threatened in consequence of his Union sentiments. This we learned afterwards; my brother knew nothing of it at the time. On Wednesday morning, the 17th, writs were issued for Taylor and my brother. When he arrived at Taylor's, about one o'clock on this day, he found Mrs. Taylor in violent agitation, surrounded by a number of neighbor women. On inquiring the cause of her distress, he was informed that Taylor had been arrested on the charge of abolitionism, and was now on trial, and that a writ had also been issued for himself. He replied that he thought that could not be possible, for he had never said any thing that could by any fairness be construed to favor abolitionism or disloyalty. He told the women that they must certainly be mistaken about him, and asked where they had taken Taylor for trial. They replied that he had been taken to a smith-shop a few miles distant; and he, trusting in conscious innocence, started to see for himself. He was very soon convinced that he had been correctly informed. No sooner did he arrive than he was made a prisoner.

He asked what were the charges against him. The officer replied that he would very soon find out, for he was to have a trial the next day, at ten o'clock, at Gainesville, the county seat. He replied that he had neither done nor said any thing disloyal; that he had been a citizen of the South for the last fifteen years; that he was willing to stand his trial, but would like to have it postponed for a few days; that being a stranger in the county, he claimed the privilege of sending to Eastern Texas, where he could establish his character. But no. The officer gave him over into the charge of five men. They were directed to take him to a neighboring house, guard him through the night, and bring him to Gainesville on the following morning for trial.

The men were all armed with double-barreled shot-guns. Three of them were mounted. As they were on the way, he asked one of them what kind of a reputation Taylor had, and also what he and Taylor had been arrested for. He replied that Taylor was accused of preaching abolitionism; that he was arrested on the charge of being an Abolitionist and a traitor. He said that when put on trial Taylor plead innocent, and when asked if he thought my brother was loyal, replied that he thought he

was not. The guard then asked my brother if any conversation had passed between him and Taylor while he lodged with him, respecting Jefferson Davis. He replied that no more had passed between them than that Taylor had remarked that Davis was a wicked man, that is, that he was not a religious man, and was addicted to cursing and swearing. They next wanted to know if Mrs. Taylor was present during the conversation. He replied that he did not remember whether she was or not. From these questions and some others, my brother came to the conclusion that Taylor had turned State's evidence against him, and had grossly misrepresented him. Alarmed for his own safety, he hoped by his and his wife's testimony to convict my brother and save himself. My brother being a stranger in the county, and not able to establish his innocence, would have to suffer the consequence—death. This being the impression made on his mind from what little information he obtained from the guard, he concluded it would be safer for him to run the risk of getting the contents of their guns in attempting to escape, than trust himself to the tender mercies of the court of Judge Lynch, which was to have his case under advisement on the following day. Knowing

the fleetness of his horse, he determined to try his chances. Arriving at the house, he noticed that it stood within a few rods of a ravine, and about a quarter of a mile from the "Cross Timbers."* As the sun was sinking in the horizon, they halted. The guard dismounted. My brother was commanded to do the same. Now or never, thought he; and with the remark that he thought he would go a little further, he plunged the spurs into his trusty horse, dashed around the corner of the house, and in an instant was descending the bank of the ravine. Every moment he expected to hear the unpleasant music of whizzing buck-shot; but neither gun nor whizz did he hear. As soon as he was beyond the reach of their guns, he turned and looked back. There the five astonished guards stood, so utterly bewildered by the suddenness of his flight as to be incapable of action. A bold and decisive effort has saved many a man. It saved my brother. He had a good start before they thought of pursuit. Cowards always lack decision.

* A strip of Post Oak timber, about seven miles wide, running north and south through the northern part of the State.



He plunged the spurs into his trusty horse, and in an instant was descending the bank of the ravine.—P. 136.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Race and a Hunt—Guarding against a Surprise—The Miller's Certificate Secured—Farewell—The Journey Begun—Value of Liberty known when Lost—Date of Furlough Changed—Final Parting—A Lonely Pilgrim—Acting Rebel—Tricks of Negroes—A Hunter's Paradise—A Big Corn Crop—Farewell to Texas.

THE fleetness of the horse which my brother rode was greatly in his favor. He had been kept as a race horse for some time, and was finally sold on account of the difficulty of keeping him in the course. Pretty hard usage during the summer had brought him down a little, so that to one who was not a judge, he presented no very obvious points of superiority. He had been resting awhile previous to this trial of his speed, and was in good trim for a race. One of the guards rode a large, fine-looking horse, of which he was very proud, and boasted a good deal. He was very free to express his belief that no man could get away from him while he was mounted on such a charger. He did not think that he would be so soon tried. Very soon my fugitive brother

heard the not very welcome yelp of a pack of blood-hounds in full pursuit. Hound and horse did their best. In a short time he reached the Cross Timbers. Having the advantage of the darkness which was now gathering, he felt pretty secure from his escort, and after riding a little distance in the woods, stopped a few seconds to listen for the hounds. By their bay-ing he discovered that he was gaining a little. Again he pressed forward, and after about an hour of fast riding, he reached the Zillaboy, a tributary of the Big Elm. After crossing and recrossing the stream several times in going down, he finally found a place where his horse could walk in the channel of the stream. In this way he hoped to baffle his ferocious pursuers, and succeeded well. After following the stream for some distance, and feeling satisfied that the hounds were a long distance in the rear, he left the Zillaboy, and struck out in the direction of Honey creek, in Collin county, a distance of thirty miles. He reached the creek about daylight, stopping once during the night to let his horse graze and rest awhile. His purpose in going there was to get a Mr. William Fair (a friend of ours from the neighborhood in which we were born and brought up) to go to Denton and inform me of the

circumstances, so that I would not lose my horses by leaving them for his disposal. Not finding Mr. Fair at home, he was obliged to retrace his steps back through the Cross Timbers. He did not leave Honey creek until late in the afternoon, so as to pass the most dangerous part of the route after dark. This was the reason of his late arrival at Luginbyhl's, as I have already stated. The distance was forty miles.

After relating to me the above facts, my brother desired to know if I had obtained possession of Luginbyhl's certificate of exemption. I replied that I had not, but that I was in hopes of being able to get it. He remained at Luginbyhl's over night. He was afraid of being pursued and arrested that night, and therefore took the necessary precautions to guard against a surprise. After feeding his horse, he took him out on the prairie to a little hackberry grove, a short distance from the house, and tied him, leaving bridle and saddle on. When we were about to retire, he got Mrs. Luginbyhl to make him a bed on the floor by one of the doors, pretending he could not rest well in a bed, and wishing to enjoy the cool breeze. He did this so that, if an attempt should be made to arrest him, he

could slip out to his horse and be off. He was not molested, however. He was up by dawn in the morning, and, breakfast being over early, he again set out, going in a westerly direction, so as to baffle pursuers. He and I had arranged before he started, that if I could get possession of Luginbyhl's certificate, I would meet him in the evening at the head of Enoch creek, a small tributary of Clear creek. As soon as he was out of sight of houses, he turned his course to the appointed place of rendezvous. The spot was a retired place, seldom visited except by herdsmen.

After he left, I watched every opportunity to obtain possession of the certificate. It was a difficult matter. The house consisted of but one room, with two doors, one on each side. One of them opened toward the mill, a few rods distant; the other toward the well where the people of the village got their water. Some one was passing and repassing every few minutes. The only thing in my favor was that the kitchen stood at a little distance from the house, and was so situated that one could not see from it into the house. There was another difficulty in my way. Luginbyhl had a little girl about six years of age. She was most of the time in the room with me; and I

knew that if she saw me about her uncle's trunk, she would soon let the secret out. I found my only chance was to send her to the mill for something while her mother was getting dinner, and then unlock the trunk while she was absent. With this view, I sent her down to the mill a little while before noon, while Mrs. Luginbyhl was getting dinner, to get her pa's knife to make a toy. While she was gone, I got the key and unlocked the trunk, and searched one of the day-books for the certificate. Not finding it in this book, I took out another, but was again disappointed; and before I had time to search the third book, I saw the child coming back. I slipped the books back into the trunk and locked it before she came in, putting the key in my pocket for another trial. I had intimated in the morning that I contemplated going back to Dallas in the afternoon. After dinner, while Mrs. Luginbyhl was washing the dishes, I told the little girl to go down to the mill again and get some corn, and I would teach her to play checkers. Away she went gleefully. Now was my chance. I knew the certificate must be in the book which I had not had time to search in the morning. Opening the trunk, I took the book, turned over a few leaves, and lo,

the certificate! It was mine at last. I put back the book, locked the trunk, put the key in its place, and was ready for my journey. After delaying about half an hour, to satisfy the little girl, I saddled my horse, bade them all farewell, and started for Dallas, as they supposed.

After getting out of sight of the mill, I dismounted, pulled off one of my boots, cut a slit in the inside lining of the leg, and put my certificate in, and there it remained until I crossed Red river into the Choctaw nation, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. I went direct from Luginbyhl's to the house of my father-in-law, got my two horses, and started, telling them that I wished to go a part of my journey that evening. After I reached a place where I could not be seen from any house, I turned my course and went direct to my brother, arriving at the appointed place of meeting as the sun was setting. This was on Friday, the 19th. I found him waiting. In a few minutes we set out on our route for Eastern Texas. We crossed a prairie about six miles before we reached the Big Elm at the edge of the Cross Timbers. Passing on through the woods, we again struck out across a large prairie, and arrived at the Little Elm, in Collin

county, about three o'clock. Here we stopped for a short time, and allowed our horses to graze; then again started, and arrived at Honey creek about sunrise. My brother stopped and got his breakfast, and had his horse fed at this place. I went on four miles further, to East Fork, got my breakfast and fed my horses. Before I was ready to start, he passed by, went on a little distance, and then waited until I came up. This we did to avoid suspicion. We avoided public roads and towns, leaving Manshaway and Pilot Grove some distance to our right, and Kentuckytown to our left. We never thought of sleep on the night after we left Denton. We thought and talked only of our escape. My brother said that he had never realized the value of liberty until he had lost it. He said that the only remark that he had made to Taylor that by any possibility could be called disloyal, was that he was opposed to secession, had voted against it, and intended to let them fight it out themselves. If they should gain their independence, he would make them a good, peaceable citizen, but that he never would take up arms against the old government. He said that, had he not made his escape, he was confident he would have been hung the next day at Gainesville, as

a warning to others, for there were many like him. I shall have occasion to mention the execution of twenty-two in that very town shortly afterwards.

About eight o'clock on Saturday evening, we arrived at the residence of a friend, near the place where we sheared our sheep in the spring, and remained with him over Sabbath. On Monday morning I sold one of my horses, and left the other for my friend to sell. During the day, until three o'clock P. M., we were making arrangements for our departure, he intending to start to Louisiana in the morning, and run his chance with others a while longer in Dixie; at least as long as he could keep out of the army. On this day I changed my furlough so as to make it extend to the 30th instead of the 20th, which was easily done; all that was to be done was to change the figure 2 to 3. On the furlough thus changed, I traveled without difficulty through Eastern Texas, stating that I was going twelve miles north-east of Paris to see a sick friend. For greater safety I lay out at night, until I got beyond Paris. On Monday, I bade my brother an affectionate farewell. Tears were shed. It was a more mournful parting than any theretofore. He was still exposed to danger; I had a perilous journey before me.

We might never meet again. I have never heard from him since.

I started. Bonham was passed after dark. I traveled until ten o'clock, then stopped, picketed my horse, and lay down on the open prairie with my saddle for a pillow, and slept until the break of day. I then resumed my journey and traveled until eight o'clock, when I stopped, obtained breakfast and feed for my horse. I continued my journey until four o'clock P. M., and then stopped to get supper and feed my horse; and again pursued my journey until nine o'clock, and slept on the prairie, within a mile of Paris. I passed through this town very early on the following morning, and took the Kiamishi road, obtained breakfast, and pursuing my journey with diligence, reached Red river, at the mouth of the Kiamishi, about sunset. I stopped over night at the house of a planter; it was the first house I had slept in since I parted from my brother.

As I approached the house, I passed a field in which the negroes were at work gathering cotton, which was ripe at the time. They were going over the field the first time. Not more than half of the pods were bursted; but by the time they could go over the field once it would be ready for a second picking. Fields are often

gone over three, and sometimes four times in one season. The cotton picking period is always a hard time for the slaves. It lasts about a month. They are tasked. A certain number of pounds per day must be gathered. If they fail, the inevitable lash quickens their steps and fingers for the future. As I approached the house, I met the overseer riding out to the field with a large whip in his hand. I asked him if I could obtain lodging, and was answered that I could be accommodated. He told me to ride on to the house, and said that he would return shortly, being on his way to the field to weigh the cotton. I saw the scales in the corner of the field as I passed. He soon returned, and ordered a negro to put up my horse. He was the only white person about the house. The planter and his family were away on a visit. This overseer was a gentleman. He had been at Clarksville the day before, and had bought a few pounds of "Lincoln coffee," as they call the genuine article in the South. One dollar per pound was the price. He ordered some to be made for supper, and I can say for one that I have tasted dollar coffee. After supper, we entered into conversation about the war. I was anxious to gain as much information as possible, for I was poorly posted; I had been traveling

a good deal during the fore part of the summer, when my means of information were not very good, and after I was conscripted, it was but seldom that I had an opportunity of obtaining any knowledge of passing events. It would be difficult for me to say which of us was the worse rebel, or which of us thundered against Lincoln and Abolitionists the louder. He had received a dispatch during the latter part of the previous week, respecting the success of the rebel army in Kentucky. It had taken Frankfort, Lexington and Paris, and was on the march to Cincinnati. He said he was firmly persuaded that Cincinnati had fallen. I appeared to be as sanguine and hopeful as he, and remarked that the next news we would hear would probably be that old Abe was about to acknowledge our independence.

I asked my host how many men he thought we (the Confederates) had in the field. He replied that he saw in one of his papers a statement made by Jeff. Davis himself, that when all the conscripts were armed and in the field, there would be something near nine hundred thousand. Conversation turned on the negroes, and he told me how some of them had been deceiving the Yankees on the Mississippi river. They had made, he said, breastworks on the banks of

the river. On these embankments they had placed logs of various sizes, from the size of a flour barrel down, and with charcoal had marked the ends so as to give them the appearance of cannon at a distance. The gunboats, on coming in sight of these works, would stop, manœuvre and reconnoitre, and did not, for a considerable time, discover the trick. It will occur to the reader that the negroes generally play off on the other side.

In conversing on various topics, he asked me what part of the State I was from. I replied that I was from Denton county. I told him that my brother and I owned a steam flouring-mill in that county, and I was, therefore, exempt from conscription, and was on my way to Huntsville, Arkansas, on business. He remarked that he also was exempt, on account of being an overseer. He appeared to be very anxious to know all about the country where I lived,—whether it was a good stock country? was land cheap? was there plenty of game? &c. I replied that it was the best stock country in the world; that stock of all kinds lived the whole year without feeding, running at large on the prairie. I told him that land could be bought for all prices, ranging from seven to twenty-five dollars per acre, according to qual-

ity, location, improvements, and the advantages of water and timber. As for game, there is no scarcity of it. There are wolves, bears, panthers, cougars, wild-cats, deer, antelopes, mule-eared rabbits, (having ears nine inches long, and as large as a half-grown fawn,) wild turkeys, and prairie chickens by the thousand, and sometimes a few buffaloes, run in from the frontier by the stock-herders. This excited him. He rose from his seat, and said that was the country for him; he had always had an inclination to hunt. He said he had been following the business of an overseer for some years, getting eight hundred dollars a year for his services; but as soon as his time was up, he would move out to that part of the State in which I lived. He said his wife was at her mother's, and did not like to move far from home, but he must go anyhow.

I asked him what sort of a farm he wanted. After describing the kind of a place that would suit him, I told him there was a farm in the neighborhood that would answer him precisely. He asked me how long it would be before I would return to Denton. I replied that I would be back in the course of two or three weeks. "I want you to do me a favor," said he. "Find out what the farm can be bought

for, and let me know." I had to promise. He was in a mood for talking, and pressed me with questions, such as where I sold my flour? had I many fat hogs? did I not think pork would be high? &c. I told him we sold our flour on the frontier, at Fort Belknap and Camp Cooper, and that we would have from fifty to seventy-five fat hogs to kill. It was after eleven o'clock before I got to bed, and I then had to apologize for going, by saying that I felt very tired and sleepy after riding all day in the hot sun. Breakfast was over the next morning by daylight. A little while before I started, I asked the overseer how much land they had in cotton. He replied that they had very little compared with former years, owing to the law of the Confederate Congress forbidding the cultivation of more than two acres to the hand, during the war. He said they had turned their attention to the raising of corn, and that they would probably raise this year about twenty-six thousand bushels. I smiled incredulously, thinking that he was joking. I asked him how many acres they had in cultivation, and he replied that they had seven hundred. His estimate of the aggregate yield was reasonable enough. In a few minutes, my horse was saddled and brought out. I paid my bill, and

started down to the ferry, a little distance below the house. As I rode along the bank, I could not but admire the corn; and as for melons, there was no scarcity, and they were the largest I ever saw. When I arrived at the ferry, the flat-boat was on the opposite side. After straining my lungs for some minutes, I finally succeeded in attracting the attention of an Indian. He brought over the flat-boat, and ferried me across into the Choctaw Nation; and with a lightened heart, I bade farewell to Texas.

CHAPTER IX.

Travels and Adventures in the Indian Country—Precautions against Discovery—In Arkansas—Apples, Peaches, and Company—Close Questioning—Seeking for Information—Dress—Anxiety—A Missouri Rebel—A Letter—Clay Eaters—Difficulty in Crossing the River—Over the River—In a Net—Unwelcome Visitors—Arrested.

I HAD a reach of about sixty miles to travel through the Choctaw Nation before I entered Arkansas. After going a short distance from the river, I dismounted, drew off my boot and got out my certificate. I then took out my pocket Bible and a small dictionary which I had in my saddle-bags, and tore out my name, which was written on the fly-leaf in each of the books, and wrote Christian Luginbyhl's name and age to correspond with the certificate. I then lit a match and burnt my furlough and the two leaves which I had torn out of my Bible and dictionary, and pressed onward, feeling pretty safe. About noon I stopped in a little Indian village and got my dinner and fed my horse. Continuing my journey, I reached another Indian village in the evening, and put up for the night with a white man who had a

little store and kept a house of entertainment. His Indian name, as it appeared on the sign-board, was La-fa-tha. I was thirty miles from where I stopped the night before. Several drovers from Texas, who were driving cattle to Little Rock, had stopped with La-fa-tha for the night. They were very inquisitive, and got to hear my mill story. I returned the compliment by making numerous inquiries respecting their business, matters that did not concern me, it is true, but I wanted to convince them that it is ungentlemanly to press inquiries too far. Some time after dark, two Indians called at the store to get fiddle strings. On inquiry, I learned from old La-fa-tha that the Indians had a scalp dance that evening. Some of the soldiers had scalped a few Yankees, and had sent the bloody trophies to the Indians, who were having a grand jubilee over them.

On Friday morning, I was on my way bright and early. Near noon I arrived at the house of a widow lady, who was about one-fourth Choctaw. I stopped for dinner. She was quite intelligent. She was very much annoyed by the pilfering habits of the full-blooded Choctaws, and had but little to say in their favor. She had a fine apple and peach orchard, but it was only a vexation to her, for the Indians would

go in after night and carry off the fruit by bushels. She was very anxious that the law should be so changed as to allow white men to settle in the Nation, in order that they might crowd out the Indians. I asked her if there were many of the Indians in the army. She replied that there were, but that they were induced to go by large bounties and special favors, being paid monthly, while other soldiers found it difficult to get their pay quarterly.

The evening found me a few miles over the line in Sevier county, Arkansas; and the next evening found me about forty miles farther north, in Polk county. I staid over night with a very agreeable old gentleman, an early settler, having been in that part of the country for about forty years. He had the finest and largest fruit—apples and peaches—I ever saw or tasted. Shortly after I arrived, a soldier from Texas called and tarried over night. He said that his regiment was encamped at Ozark, on the Arkansas river, and that when the regiment passed through he had been left behind on account of sickness. In the morning we set out in company, and traveled some distance together. During the day my horse became quite lame. He was shod only on the fore feet when I left Texas, and he had lost one of his

shoes the day before. The country being rough and mountainous, and it being necessary for me to cross over the Push mountains on the following day, I stopped at the first blacksmith shop on the way, and got my horse shod all round—three new shoes costing me four dollars. Iron was very scarce, and in many cases the blacksmiths had none to work up except old wagon tires and such articles. While in company with the soldier in the morning, I learned that the name of the colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was Bass, and that the regiment was raised in Smith, Upshur and Harrison counties, on the Sabine river. He appeared to be in a great hurry to get to his regiment, and was afraid they would leave Ozark before he could reach that place. On the evening of this day, I arrived at the foot of the Push mountains, where I remained over night. This was the 28th. The next day I crossed the mountains, and in the evening I passed through Waldron, the county-seat of Scott county. As I passed through I noticed near a hundred men in the streets. After I had gone about half a mile beyond the town, I was overtaken by a man who immediately inquired:

“Do you belong to the raagiment 'ncamped at Ozark?”

"No, sir, I do not."

"Do you belong to the army?"

"No, sir."

"How does that come? You're a young lookin' feller. How is it that you wasn't conscripted?"

"I am a miller, sir; I and a brother of mine own a steam flouring-mill in Texas. On that account I am exempt. I am going to Huntsville on business."

"Was you halted thar by the guards as you passed through town?"

"No, sir, I was not. I was not aware that guards were placed in town."

"Well I reckon you was taken for a soldier belongin' to the raagiment camped at Ozark. One of them passed through yesterday. I reckon you've got a pass to show?"

"No, sir, I have no pass; but I have something that will answer the same purpose. I have a certificate of exemption."

"Wall as you've got through town without bein' halted, and as you have a certificate of exemption, I reckon it'll not make much difference. You will, howsever, find guards placed at different points along the road as fur as you are goin', and you'll have to show your certificate before they'll 'low you to pass on."

"That is all well enough, sir; I am ready at any time to show my certificate."

After riding along a little further, the road forked, and he turned off. I went on about two miles and put up for the night. I learned from my host that this was court-week, and that this was the reason why so many were gathered in town. And I gained other information that was valuable to me. He stated that there were guards placed at a store ten miles ahead on the road that I was traveling. This day I learned for the first time that martial law was in force in Arkansas. When I left Texas, it was suspended. Since it had been in force in Arkansas before it was put in operation in Texas, I thought that it had certainly been done away with in Arkansas also, and that I would not have much difficulty in passing on to Huntsville by shaping my course so as to avoid Little Rock and Fort Smith, where I knew parts of their army were posted.

I wore the same clothes that I had used while in the camp of instruction, a white shirt and a butternut shirt over it, a dark cassimere coat and jean pants of a butternut color, and a blanket of the same color thrown over my Mexican saddle. All corresponded very well with the Texan soldiers' uniform; for they were nearly

all dressed in homespun dyed in a decoction of black walnut bark, and cut in citizens' style.

On the night of the 29th I slept very little. The language of my certificate gave me a great deal of uneasiness. According to it, I was exempt *only while engaged* in the employment of a miller. I knew that if it were examined by men who properly understood their business, they would decide that, being now away from the mill and engaged in other business, I was liable to conscription. I saw plainly that my only chance now was to elude the guards. If I could do this, I might get through. After traveling some miles on the following morning, I began to make inquiry as I passed along respecting the store. When I got within half a mile of it, I left the road and took a circuitous route through the woods, coming into the road again on the other side of the store. I met with no hindrance during the remainder of the day. I stayed over night within twenty miles of Ozark. The man with whom I lodged had rented one of his rooms to a merchant from Bolivar, Polk county, Missouri. He said that he had been driven out of Missouri by the Union men, and that they had killed his brother. He was now waiting until the Confederates should drive the Yankees out of Missouri, and then he intended

to return. He was one of the worst rebels I ever met. He was very inquisitive, and of course I had to repeat my mill story. When he found out that I was from Denton county, Texas, he said that he had many acquaintances in that county who had emigrated from Missouri; he mentioned their names, and asked me if I knew any of them. I replied that I did not know the men he mentioned, but said that there were a great many Missourians in that county, and that I had heard of some of the names which he mentioned. This I did to avoid any complications; for I was personally acquainted with every man he named. They lived within two miles of my place—most of them in the village of New Prospect, the name of which they changed to Bolivar, after the town of that name in Missouri from which they emigrated. One of the provost guards who arrested me on my return to Texas, as I have already mentioned, had been a merchant in Missouri. He was very anxious to hear something about him, but I thought it prudent not to gratify his curiosity.

When I was about to retire, my host said that his father lived on the Mulberry mountains, on my way to Huntsville, and intimated that he would like to send a letter to him by

me, if I would be kind enough to carry it. I told him I would do so with pleasure. He then described the place so that I would easily know it, and sat down to write the letter. After riding a few miles the following morning, I began to suspect that the letter might be a trap set to catch me; so I stopped, took my penknife, opened the letter, and read it. It related to nothing but his own affairs. I sealed it again very nicely. When I arrived within ten miles of Ozark, I stopped at a house by the roadside to take shelter from a shower, which lasted about half an hour. It was a wretched place. The family consisted of three persons—an old gray-headed man and woman, and a young girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age. They were employed in making sleys (weavers' reeds) for a living. Their color and appearance indicated that they belonged to the class of clay-eaters. I gained some information from them which I was very anxious to obtain. I pretended to be a strong rebel; told them the old story of the mill, and thus led them into conversation. The old man said that the regiment at Ozark was encamped on this side of the river, on the road; that they kept a camp-guard day and night, and that no one could pass without examination. I further

learned that a guard was kept in Ozark. I asked him if the river could be forded. He said it could not, and that this was the reason why the regiment was encamped on this side of the river. He stated also that there was no ferry-boat at present; that General Hindman had impressed all the flats to take corn down to Little Rock; and that the colonel of the regiment had sent to Fort Smith for a boat. I asked him if he thought I could ford the river by going down a few miles. He said I might be able to do so, but that I would be obliged to go back three miles, and take the road to Roseville, nine miles below. He thought there might be a flat there, but if not, that I might be able to ford the river at that place. I determined to try.

As I was getting on my horse to start back, a boy came riding up the road from Ozark. The old man asked him if the regiment was still encamped on this side of the river. He said it was not; that they had forded the river yesterday evening, some of them having to swim their horses, and that they were now encamped below town, on the other side. I had no inclination to run the risk of crossing at the same place. I told the old man that, as I was unacquainted with the ford, I would pre-

fer to go back and take the road to Roseville, where there was at least some chance of obtaining a flat; and that if I failed in finding one, I would be no worse off than I would be if I were to go on to Ozark. I started back with the boy, who said he would put me on the right road. Just as we got within a few rods of the cross-roads, a carriage containing an officer passed, closely followed by ten or fifteen well-armed mounted guards. I asked the boy if he knew who the officer was, and he replied that he thought it was General Hindman; that the road on which he was traveling was the Little Rock and Fort Smith road, and Hindman frequently passed back and forth between these two places. After a few hours' drive, I arrived at Roseville. But there was no flat; it, too, had been impressed. I got across, however, in a skiff, holding on to the halter, and making my horse swim behind me. This was about four o'clock P. M. I was within sixty miles of Huntsville. I had eluded the guards, and crossed the river. I felt pretty safe. My prospect brightened. Alas, how soon did clouds and thick darkness again obscure the light of hope! I had calculated on being able to go on toward Huntsville without passing through Ozark. Once in Huntsville,

I would be within half a day's ride of Missouri; and when in Missouri, I would consider my danger over, for I could easily reach the lines of our army by traveling after night. I was soon convinced that my hope of eluding the guards was baseless.

There are three ranges of mountains between the river and Huntsville, and the ferryman assured me that there was no road leading over the mountains to Huntsville except that through Ozark. To add to my trouble, he told me that there were provost guards all along the river between Roseville and Ozark, a distance of nine miles. He recommended me to stop over night with one of the guards, stating that it would be a good place to get accommodation. I started on; I could do no better. When I got within about two miles of Ozark, the road forked. I began to hope. I thought I might have been misinformed, with the design of entrapping me. I had just passed a house, and now rode back to make some inquiries respecting the way. There was a lady standing in the yard. I inquired where the right-hand road led to. She replied that it led to a house about half a mile off, at the foot of the mountain.

"Are there any roads leading to Huntsville without going through Ozark?" I inquired.

"No, sir," said she; and then came her turn to ask a question.

"Do you belong to the raagiment camped up thar at Ozark?"

"No, ma'am, I do not."

"Do you belong to the army?"

"No, ma'am; I am exempt from military duty."

"Where are you frum, and whar are you goin'?"

"I am from Texas, and am going to Huntsville on business with an uncle of mine who lives there."

I thought she was rather impertinent. In a few hours I learned the reason: her husband was chief of the provost guards. When I reached the forks of the road, I turned to the right, and rode to the house at the foot of the mountain. I asked to be permitted to stay over night. At first they refused, alleging that they had very poor accommodations; but I'dismounted, told them my horse was very tired, and that I was willing to put up with any kind of accommodations for the sake of getting some rest for myself and horse. A scanty supper was prepared for me. I was not disposed to be captious, however, and ate as if I had been accustomed to such fare. I

had hoped, by leaving the public road and coming to this retired place, to gain information of some by-way or path over the mountains to the Huntsville road, which would enable me to shun Ozark, and escape the guards. I was again disappointed. After supper I cautiously approached the subject by talking about the ruggedness of the country, and expressing wonder that they should continue to live in such a place when other parts of the country presented such advantages. I described Texas in glowing colors; told them all the good qualities of that country, and said nothing about the bad; and I showed them how, by a little industry, they could soon secure a comfortable home. I related my mill story; told them I was going to Huntsville on business; that I intended to be back in the course of a week; and intimated to the old gentleman that, if he felt in the notion of moving, I would give him employment as teamster in hauling flour to Fort Belknap. This excited him very much, and put him at once in the notion of moving. I told him that I was anxious to get back as soon as possible, and wanted to know if he could put me on a trail by which I could reach Huntsville sooner than by the usual road. He replied that there

were no settlements on the mountains between that place and Huntsville, except a few scattered houses along the Ozark road; and that it would be impossible for a man to make the journey on foot except by the Ozark road. I concluded that I had got myself into a trap; and, not wishing to talk any more after I found that there was nothing left for me but to go through Ozark, I remarked that I was very tired, and wished to go to bed. I was not without hope that some plan would suggest itself by which I might escape the guard.

The house consisted of but one room, about eighteen feet square, having two doors, one on the east, and one on the west side. It was but one story high, and there was neither loft nor window. There were two beds; one was assigned to me, and I retired about eight o'clock. About half an hour later, the man and his wife also retired. Not long afterwards, the dog began to bark excitedly, and I felt pretty sure we were going to have a call. Very soon the dog backed up against the door, and I distinctly heard the footsteps of men. When they got within a few steps of the house, they called, and the man got up, opened the door, silenced the dog, who was making a tremendous fuss, and told them to come in.

My back was turned toward the door, but I could easily tell by the sound of their footsteps that there were five or six of them. And they were all armed, for I could hear them setting their guns down in the corner. I did not move. They all sat down by the fire, and commenced talking. They said they were going to kill a beef in the morning, and wanted to know if my host would take a piece. They talked on for nearly an hour, probably to find out whether I was awake and uneasy. I was lying with my back to the fire, and was wide awake; but I pretended to be asleep. I could not but think that I was the beef, and felt almost sure that I was the object of their errand. I was not long in doubt, for as soon as the chief of the guards saw that their conversation did not alarm or arouse me, he told my host that he wanted to speak with me, and requested him to awake me. He came to the bed and spoke, but I made no reply. He then put his hand on my shoulder and shook me a little, and asked me if I was asleep. I gave a grunt or two, rubbed my eyes, and asked him what he wanted. He said there were some men in the house who wished to speak with me. I turned round facing the fire, and the leader of the party said:

"Are you traveling, stranger?"

"Not now, sir, I am in bed."

"Well, well, where are you going to?"

"To Huntsville, sir, on business with an uncle of mine, who lives there."

"Where are you from?"

"I am from North-western Texas."

"From what county?"

"Denton."

"What is your uncle's name?"

"McFarland."

"Do you belong to the army?"

"No, sir, I am exempt from military duty?"

"How does that come; you are under thirty-five, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, but I and a brother of mine own a steam flouring-mill, and on that account I am exempt from military duty, according to the law recently passed by Congress."

"Have you a pass?"

"No, sir, but I have what will answer the same purpose; I have my certificate of exemption."

"Let me see it."

He came and took a seat by the side of my bed. I got out my pocket-book, took from it my certificate, and handed it to him. He began to read it. When he came to the name of Luginbyhl he could not make it out, and asked:

"What is your name?"

"Christian Luginbyhl."

"Luginbyhl, did you say?"

"Yes, sir, Luginbyhl."

After he had finished reading it by himself, he asked his comrades if they wanted to hear it read. They all called for the reading of it, and they listened most attentively. When he came to the name of Luginbyhl, he had to stop and get me to pronounce the name. After he finished reading it, he handed it back to me, and remarked that they were all provost guards; that I must not think hard of them, for they would be obliged to stay all night with me. I was a prisoner.

CHAPTER X.

Making the best of it—News of the Fugitives from Fannin County—Guards make Arrangements for Sleep—Precautions against Detection—A curious Quid—Before the Provost Marshal—His Decision—Farther Questioning—Another Prisoner—Familiar Conversation with the Provost Marshal—Reversal of the Marshal's Decision—Sent to Colonel Bass—A Joke—Close Questioning—Again a Conscript.

THE guard told me that they had orders to arrest all men who were traveling North without a pass. Sometimes innocent men were caught and put to a good deal of trouble. It could not be helped, however, for the Federal army was not far off. They told me that a few weeks ago a company of about sixty men from Texas had crossed the river, stating that they were going to Missouri to enlist under General Coffee. They were suspected; it was conjectured that they were trying to escape from conscription, or intending to join the Union army; an attempt was made to arrest them; a fight took place; two of their number were shot, and the rest escaped into Missouri. This was the identical company I had intended to join in Fannin county, but was foiled by being caught

in Denton county and conscripted, as I have already intimated. Soon after they examined my certificate, four of the guards spread a blanket on the floor near the fire, and lay down to sleep, placing their guns at their heads. The other two were appointed to guard the doors. Each took his blanket, spread it by the door which he was to guard, lay down, and placed his gun by his side. This was the first time—and I hope it will be the last—that I was ever guarded. Six villainous looking men kept watch over me, my only crime being loyalty. I turned my back towards the fire and feigned sleep; in the course of an hour I snored prodigiously, but sleep was fled, and I lay longing for the morning. I racked my brain to discover some plan of escape, but it was a hopeless task; and then I set my wits to work to prepare for the ordeal which awaited me in the morning. I knew that I would be examined, questioned and cross-questioned by the Provost Marshal, and that if I was not prepared beforehand with answers to such questions as I thought he would most likely ask me, I would be very apt to contradict myself. I had but two papers in my possession which would tend to convict me if I should be searched; one was a catalogue of the towns on my route, on which I had thought-

lessly put Springfield, Missouri, at the head of the list. This paper I had in my pocket-book, and I well knew that if I was searched it would condemn me. After everything was still, and I thought the men were asleep, I took out my pocket-book, and, in perfect darkness, searched until I was satisfied that I had gotten hold of the right paper, took it out, put it into my mouth and chewed it into a wad, and then threw it behind the bed. The other paper was an order from my brother to my father, and it read as follows:

BONHAM, TEXAS, September 22, 1862.

DEAR FATHER—

Please pay to the bearer of this order the sum of _____ dollars, which you said was subject to my order.

_____ FISHER.

This order I carried in the lining of my boot-leg from the time it was dated until after I reported to General Schofield, at Cassville, Missouri, on the 12th of October. It caused me a great deal of uneasiness while I remained a prisoner, for I was constantly in dread of being searched. If I had been searched, and this paper found, to say nothing of its contents, the very place in which I had concealed it would have been ground of suspicion against me. I was not searched.

Morning came. It was the 2d of October. After breakfast the guard escorted me to Ozark. As we got within half a mile of the town, the regiment of Colonel Bass was just starting for Missouri. We followed the rear-guard of the regiment until they passed through town. I was then ordered to dismount, and was taken to the office of the Provost Marshal. It was in the upper story of the court-house. The chief of the guards then said :

“Provost, I have brought you a prisoner whom we arrested yesterday evening, and examined. He has a certificate of exemption, and says he is going to Huntsville on business.”*

* I had matured the following answer, if the nature of my business at Huntsville was demanded, viz : That I had an aged uncle living at that place, who owned a number of negroes ; that one of his negroes had made an attempt to go to the Union army, but was captured ; that being fearful that the runaway would make the attempt again, and perhaps induce others to join him, my uncle wrote to me and requested me to come and take this negro to Texas, and work him about the mill until after the war.

I knew that this story would go to show that my “uncle” was a good rebel, and that would also be in my own favor, inasmuch as it would show that I was trying to save negro property. This, and the plan of procuring the miller’s certificate of exemption, and, indeed, the whole scheme of my escape, was matured while I remained as a conscript in the camp of instruction.

"Let me see your certificate, sir," said the Provost Marshal. I handed it to him, and he examined it. It may be interesting to the reader. It reads as follows:

CERTIFICATE OF EXEMPTION.

Christian Luginbyhl, aged 29 years, of the county of Denton, State of Texas, having made oath that he is a miller, and is now actually engaged in keeping a public mill; and that on that account he is exempt from conscription by virtue of the Act of Congress, I, F. A. Leach, Enrolling Officer of Denton county, do hereby certify that the said Christian Luginbyhl will remain exempt from military duty as a conscript during the period that he shall remain in the employment of a miller.

F. A. LEACH, Enrolling Officer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me at Denton this 2d day of August, 1862.

NOTE.—Insert the occupation, profession, or service in which the person applying for exemption is engaged; if an employee, state the employer and the establishment or business, and if a civil officer, state the term of office.

Texas Printing House, Houston, E. W. Cave.

After reading this certificate, the provost marshal looked up and said: "Why, sir, this certificate only exempts you while you are in the employment of the mill. You are now away on business, and you are, therefore, a fit subject for the army, and out of my jurisdiction. I will send you to head-quarters at Fort Smith,

to the commander of the post, Major Pierce, and then you will be at his disposal."

Not being altogether satisfied, he began to question me before the guards and a number of citizens. I had made up my mind when I was arrested, that I would exhibit no shrinking or fear, and would endeavor to answer all questions promptly, knowing that this was the best way to escape suspicion.

"How does it come," said he, "that you did not get a pass before you left your own county?"

"Because, sir, they had done away with martial law some time before I left, the conscripts being all gathered into camps of instruction. Passes were not given, and if I had asked for one, they would have laughed at me. I brought my certificate of exemption along so as to be able to show my occupation; my business was urgent, and I did not expect to be long absent. I did not think it possible that I would be caught up as I am, or you may depend I would not have left home. But, sir, I differ with you as to the construction of the language of the certificate, for I have been absent frequently for eight or ten days at a time, hauling flour to Fort Belknap, and was never even called on to show my certificate. I am on business now

just as important, and I think that if you read the certificate again, you will find you have no right to detain me."

"It makes no difference what you think, sir, for I am satisfied you are a fit subject for the army. You are absent from the mill; you are not engaged in the work of a miller, and your brother must get along without you. You will find that I am correct when you go to headquarters."

"Where did you say you were going?" he added.

"To Huntsville."

"What did you say your uncle's name is?"

"McFarland,* sir."

He then addressed himself to a bystander.

"You used to live in Huntsville. Do you know a man living there by the name of McFarland?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"How long has it been since you lived there?"

"Nearly five years."

"Luginbyhl, how long has your uncle been living there?"

"About two years."

* I referred to the McFarland whom I have already mentioned. He went from Texas to Nodaway county, Missouri.

"Does he live in town?"

"No, sir; he lives eight miles north-east of town."*

"Where did he reside previous to going to Huntsville?"

"In Cole Camp, Benton county, Missouri."

"Where did you reside previous to going to Texas?"

"In Warsaw,† on the Osage river, the county-seat of Benton county."

"Name some of the prominent men of the place."

"Mark L. Means is the most prominent man. He is a lawyer, and was the editor of the *Warsaw Democrat*. Murry and Leach were the proprietors of the paper when I left." I also mentioned a number of other names. This satisfied

*This was all a conjecture. I have no uncle by the name of McFarland. I doubt whether there was a man of that name in the county; and I was very fearful that he would keep me for a few days, until he could send to Huntsville, and learn whether my story was true or false. If he had done so, I would have been caught. Had he observed me closely, he might have detected a change in my countenance. An unseen Deliverer preserved me.

†I was well acquainted in Warsaw. I had boarded there for some time in the months of June and July, 1857, the Land Office being located there at that time.

him, and he did not press questions. I began to breathe more easily.

He then drew up a piece of writing for the guards to hand to Major Pierce, stating where I was from, and where taken prisoner, making mention, also, of my employment and certificate of exemption.

While he was engaged in drawing up this paper, a young man was brought in by some of the provost guards. He belonged to the army at Corinth. His story was this, under oath: He and one of his comrades had been sick and unable to do duty while at Corinth. They had obtained from the captain a verbal leave of absence to go out a short distance into the country, and get something to eat. While absent from the company, they were made prisoners by the Federals, sent to St. Louis, and paroled. He had then returned home to visit his wife, who was living in this county. A Captain Stanwitz, belonging to the same regiment, was then sworn. He had recently come home from Corinth on furlough. He said that he had heard the captain of the company to which the man belonged say that he never had given either him or his companion a verbal permission to go into the country, and that the general opinion was that they had deserted.

The captain's testimony was written down, and the Provost Marshal determined to send the prisoner to headquarters at Fort Smith, thirty-five miles distant.

Some of the guards who were to escort us were getting their horses shod preparatory to the trip. My fellow-prisoner asked liberty to go down to town, and was permitted to go, under an escort. While he was gone, I began to talk with the Provost Marshal in an humble and submissive manner. I asked him if he could not give me a pass to go back to Texas, and told him if he would, I would abandon my trip to Huntsville, and go back to my mill immediately. He said he could not. In further conversation, I learned that he had formerly lived in Alton, the old county-seat of Denton county, Texas. He began to make inquiry concerning some of his old friends,—among others, Judge Venters, with whom I was well acquainted. He seemed very glad to hear from his old associates. I asked him how long it had been since he left Alton, and he replied that it was about eight years. I told him there had been a great change in the country since that time. I said that I had been in the country only five years, and that in that time wonderful improvements had been made, and the

population of the country had greatly increased. I told him that the county-seat had been removed from Alton to Denton, and gave him other information with which he was greatly pleased. I saw that his sympathy was excited in my behalf; that he was inclined to pity me on account of the mistake I had committed in leaving the mill, under the persuasion that my certificate of exemption would carry me safely to Huntsville, and back again; and I was not without hope that I would yet gain my point. I repeatedly asked him to do me the favor to grant me a pass, in order that I might go back again; but he said it would be impossible. When I found that I could not succeed, I asked him, in a confidential way, what disposition he thought would be made of me at headquarters. He replied that I would either be put in jail and kept as a prisoner until the close of the war, or put into some regiment. I wished to avoid going to headquarters, if possible, for I was afraid of being recognized. Some men with whom I was personally acquainted were stationed there. If they should get their eyes on me, I knew my life was not worth a dead dog. While we were talking, a bystander interposed, and said: "Why would it not answer the same purpose to send the

prisoner to Colonel Bass? You say he can not go back to his mill, and that the commander of the post will either put him in prison or in some regiment. As it is thirty-five miles to Fort Smith, and as the regiment of Colonel Bass will not encamp further than eighteen miles from here this evening, it will be easier for the guard to take him to the Colonel than to headquarters. Besides, he has a horse; he will be prepared to enter the regiment at once; and I do not see why Colonel Bass can not receive him just as well as the commander of the post."

"He can," said the Marshal; "and if the prisoner says so, I can forward him this evening to the Colonel." This was just what I wanted, seeing I must otherwise go to Fort Smith, which I wished to avoid, if possible. From information gained from the young man in whose company I traveled on the 28th, I was led to believe that no one in the regiment knew me. While in the regiment, I would be comparatively safe. It was going to Missouri; I could desert again, and would then be within a short distance of the Union lines. I was delighted with this turn of affairs, but remained silent, lest over-anxiety should lead to suspicion. I was detained and guarded in the

office of the Provost Marshal until half-past three o'clock.

During this interval, I conversed freely with the Provost Marshal. He remarked to me, during the conversation, that my case was altogether different from that of the other prisoner. "Your certificate exempts you from military duty while you are engaged in the employment of a miller; you are arrested only because you are away from the mill," said he. "The other is a deserter; I would not like to stand in his shoes." He then stated that he was well acquainted with the prisoner. He said that he had volunteered when the war first broke out, and was in the battle of Pea Ridge, where he displayed much gallantry; that he soon after became discontented, being influenced, as was supposed, by a brother who was a captain in the Union army; that he deserted, and came back to this county, hoping to be able to take his wife, and escape to the Union lines. "Now," said he, "it is of no use to send him back to his regiment, or put him into any other, for he would only desert again. When they get him to headquarters, sir, he will be shot, and then he will not have an opportunity to desert." Ah! had he only known the whole truth respecting me, what would

have been my fate? Death, without pity and without mercy. My certificate was the only thing that saved me. I would not have parted with it for thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Half-past three o'clock came. I once more asked the Provost Marshal if he thought there was any possible chance of returning home, after being taken to headquarters. He said it was not possible. I then told him that if he saw fit, he could send me to the regiment of Colonel Bass. He at once substituted the name of Colonel Bass for that of Major Pierce, the commander of the post. I then bade him farewell, remarking that the regiment was one in which I had no acquaintances, but that a good and true man would soon find friends among strangers.

"Yes," said he, "that is true;" and added, "I think you will make a very good soldier." I replied that I did not know; that I had no experience as yet; but expressed the belief that I could shoot a Yankee, if near enough. I had gained his confidence. He showed it by sending me to Colonel Bass under a guard of only two men. One of them was the chief of the provost guards, an old man above sixty years of age. He was armed with a squirrel-gun. The other was a young man about

twenty years of age. He was armed with a small five-shooter. Both of them rode very inferior ponies. My horse looked somewhat the worse of his trip; still I would not have been afraid to run away from both of them, and I would have made the attempt had I been sure of gaining any advantage. As we rode along, I kept joking the old man, and told him that if he had not arrested me the evening before, he might have saved himself this trip. I told him that I would just as soon be in the army as out of it, and that I would have volunteered long ago had it not been for the difficulty of leaving my business.

As we passed by a house on the way, he stopped to talk, and the young man and I rode on, and got some distance ahead. I told him that I was perfectly willing to be put into the regiment, and had no intention of trying to escape; but said that we could play off a good joke at the old man's expense, if I were to start as if trying to get away, and he to pursue. It would have been serious earnestness instead of fun with me, if there had been any chance of escape; but the country was mountainous; we were on the only road leading to Huntsville, and the regiment was ahead of us: there

was no hope. I related the contemplated joke to the old man when he caught up, and he had a hearty laugh about it. As we rode along, I observed great numbers of buzzards flying lazily about over the mountains. On inquiring the cause, I was informed that many conscripts had escaped to the mountains, and were pursued with blood-hounds; that when found, many of them were shot in attempting to make their escape, scalped, and their bodies left unburied on the ground. This easily accounted for the presence of so many buzzards.

We stopped about six o'clock and obtained supper and fed our horses; then set forward again, and about ten o'clock came in sight of the place where the regiment was encamped. The guards being stationed, we halted and put up for the night. We all slept in the same room, and the door was left unguarded and standing open—quite a contrast when compared with the vigilance of the guards the night before. The morning of the third day of the month came, and I was conducted into the presence of Colonel Bass. "Colonel," said the old man, "I have brought you a young man who wishes to join your regiment," at the same time handing him the paper from the Provost Mar-

shal. The colonel read the note, and then staring me in the face, said:

"Do you know me?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Are you not from Denton county, Texas?"

"Yes, sir, I am; but I do not know you."

"I am from Sherman, the adjoining county, and have practised law in Denton, your county-seat."

"That may be, but I do not know you."

"How long have you lived in the county?"

"About five years, sir."

"Well, I have not practised law in your county during the last five years. Who are your lawyers in Denton?"

"Welch, Carrol, Crawford and Shotes."

"Who is your county clerk?"

"Judge Venters, sir."

"Name the merchants of the place."

"J. M. Smoot, Baines, Blunt, Lovejoy and Jacobs."

"Where is your mill located?"

"On Clear creek, sixteen miles north-east from Denton."

"Where did you reside previous to going to Texas?"

"In Warsaw, Benton county, Missouri."

"Luginbyhl is your name, is it not?"*

"Yes, sir, Luginbyhl."

He still kept staring at me, and repeating the name of Luginbyhl. I felt assured that if he had known my real name he would have recollected something of me. The name of Fisher had become well known in consequence of the affair growing out of my brother's subscribing for the *Missouri Democrat*, as I have before related. He then delivered me to one of his captains, Bruice by name, and ordered him to value my horse and equipage, and administer the usual oath. All was done according to orders. My horse and outfit were valued at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The captain then wrote down a description of my person, which, in some particulars, differed materially from that taken by the Provost Marshal at Denton, on the first day of August preceding, when I was conscripted and compelled to take the oath of allegiance. Captain Bruice *guessed* at my hight, and came within two inches of it.

* This searching examination was entirely unexpected. From what I had heard of the regiment, I was led to believe that they were all strangers to me, and that they would know nothing about Denton. I picked up courage, however, and answered the colonel very independently.

He wrote out the description, and then remarked:

"I have something now that will bring you back if you desert."

"Yes, sir, I think so," replied I.

I was then entitled to the bounty of fifty dollars. He did not pay it, however, and I did not insist on its payment, for it was my determination not to remain long in the Confederate dominions, and the money would have been of no use elsewhere. Colonel Bass soon after came up, and took Captain Bruice aside, and held a private conversation with him. I think the substance of the colonel's message was that the captain should keep his eye on me, for it looked a little suspicious that a man should join a regiment so far away from home.

CHAPTER XI.

More Inquisitors—A Battle in Progress—A Forced March—Camping for the Night—Glee of the Troops—A new Name Troublesome—Incidents of the March—Prisoners—Execution of Deserters—Ordered to Keetsville—Old Camps—An Alarm and a Scare—Retreat to Frogg's Bayou—Sent out on Picket—At the Mill—Gathering Corn—The Drove of Hogs—Escape.

WHEN the colonel left, I was further questioned by the captain, first, second, and third* lieutenants. They were from Johnson county, the second county south of Denton, and were acquainted to some extent in the latter county. But they had never heard of the name of Luginbyhl, and could learn no more than that the bearer of the name was pretty well acquainted in and about Denton, and could give them some information of all the men of their acquaintance. The news soon spread through the regiment that a man by the name of Luginbyhl, lately from Texas, had joined them. All was curiosity. Captains and lieutenants had scarcely closed their court of inquisition when up came

* The office of third lieutenant was established in order to gratify, as far as possible, the insatiable thirst of Southerners for office.

a bit of a boy, from his appearance not more than fourteen years of age, saying that his name was Luginbyhl, and claiming kindred. Not wishing to be annoyed by the impertinent little imp, I asked him to spell his name, and he began: Look-ing-bill, Lookingbill. I told him that he could not be a kinsman of mine, for his was a different name; he left, and I was asked no more questions.

The regiment resumed its march about eight o'clock. As we crossed over the Mulberry mountains, I left the letter which had been given me on the other side of Ozark, as I have already stated. About ten o'clock, Colonel Bass received a message from General Raines, on the old battle ground of Pea Ridge, instructing him to come with all speed to headquarters. A battle was then going on between General Blunt and the rebel General Cooper, in Newton county, Missouri. When this news reached the regiment, we were halted, and three thundering cheers were given for General Cooper. The mountains were in many places very difficult to cross; the train of wagons had great difficulty in keeping up with the regiment; the teamsters seemed to be in mortal dread of falling into the hands of some scouting party of the Yankees; and it was found necessary to halt, sometimes

for nearly an hour at a time, to allow the train to come up. Evening found us about eighteen miles from the camping ground of the night before. The colonel gave orders to prepare rations sufficient to carry us to headquarters, intimating that it was his intention to push the regiment through as soon as possible, and leave the train to follow as it could. Two beeves were killed. When the meat was cut up and divided, but a small part fell to each mess. My mess consisted of four besides myself. It was the smallest in the regiment, and, I have no hesitation in saying, the meanest. Very little escaped my notice, for I was eagerly watching for anything that might aid my escape. I observed, after we had encamped for the night, that the men, in going outside of the lines of the guard for wood and water, were obliged to leave their hats or coats, or some other necessary articles of apparel, with the guard, until their return. After roll-call, no one was allowed to pass outside the lines.

Morning came, and our regiment was on the march bright and early, going on "double quick." We very soon left the train far in the rear. The soldiers appeared to be very much excited, and anxious to get into a fight. Cheer after cheer went up; and all were san-

guine and buoyant. Missouri was soon to be rid of the Yankees; they would all eat their Christmas dinner in St. Louis; they would clothe themselves in the warm overcoats and cover their protruding toes in the comfortable boots which Uncle Sam had intended for his boys. Hurrah! hurrah! But hurrahs are not potent missiles of war; and, alas! for their cold backs and frost-bitten toes! they did not reach St. Louis; and unfortunately for their fond anticipations of plenty to eat and little to do, they ate their Christmas dinner on the south side of the Arkansas river. It was well these valiant champions did not know they had a Yankee conscript among them. Their valor would probably have been signally displayed in hanging or shooting him.

Between three and four o'clock, we arrived within four miles of Huntsville. Here we halted, watered and fed our horses, and took a cold check of the rations which we had already prepared. After a short delay, we again set forward, and passed through Huntsville a little after dark. The ladies cheered us lustily as we passed through, standing on the streets and waving their handkerchiefs with wild animation. While going through the town, one of my companions remarked that if he were in my

circumstances, he would ask the captain for a furlough. I told him that it would please me very much to get a furlough, in order that I might go and spend a few days with my uncle, but that it would be useless for me to ask for one while we were on a forced march, and I would not attempt it. After passing beyond the town a little distance, we turned to our left, and took the Bentonville road, in the direction of General Raines's headquarters. About one o'clock on the following morning, we stopped and fed, and, after a halt of about an hour, we again set out, and made no other halt until we reached headquarters, about two o'clock in the afternoon. This was Sabbath, the 5th.

Very often during the march, my assumed name caused me difficulty. Frequently the men would have to speak to me twice before they could gain my attention; for my mind was intently fixed on plans for my escape, and I was not used to answer to the name of Luginbyhl. They thought I was hard of hearing. I came very near betraying myself several times, by answering to the name of George. There was a soldier in the company by the name of George, and I was often on the point of answering when his name was called. I observed, while we were on the march, some

high bluffs along White river, on which the rebels had cut down all the timber, in order that their artillery might sweep the river, if the Union gunboats should attempt to pass up.

General Cooper had commenced to fall back to Pineville, and General Raines gave orders to Colonel Bass to encamp five or six hundred rods to the south of his men. During the battle at New Antonio, the Indians under General Cooper had cut off a hundred and twenty-eight men belonging to the command of General Blunt. They were endeavoring to support a piece of artillery when captured. The prisoners were sent to General Raines. As soon as the men of our regiment had made their arrangements for encamping, many of them flocked to see the Yankee prisoners. I went among others. I found them in a small enclosure surrounded with a brush fence. Sentinels stood at short intervals, guarding them. A great many of the soldiers of our regiment were standing round the enclosure, looking at the Yankee prisoners. Many were the remarks which were passed. Some would tell the sentinels to beware of the Texans; for, if they should get into the enclosure, they would kill every prisoner. Others said that if this was the kind of men they were fighting, one South-

ern man would whip ten of them. The prisoners were principally Dutch from Wisconsin. Many of them were bare-headed, and the only clothing they had on were pants and shirts. The day on which the battle had been fought was warm, and they had thrown off all their upper clothing. This information I gained from a lieutenant who came to our camp, and with whom I went to see the prisoners.

General Raines had under his command, at that time, three thousand infantry. Colonel Bass received orders to send out thirty-two men on picket, from ten to twenty miles on the road leading to New Antonio. Our regiment had made a forced march of thirty-six hours' duration, stopping only twice to feed. Rations we had none when we arrived, for our train was miles in the rear, and did not arrive until the next day. The reader may well imagine that we were a set of hungry men. It seemed hard to require fatigued and hungry men to do picket duty. But we had to make the best of our condition. The Colonel procured a few sacks of flour, and distributed them among the men. Having no cooking utensils, we were obliged to mix the flour in water, knead it on boards, and then roll it on sticks, and roast it over the fire. The bread thus baked was devoured with

voracious greediness by the half-famished men.

Early the next morning, the beating of drums at headquarters indicated that something was going on. Some of our regiment went to ascertain the cause of the excitement, and, on returning, reported that the Yankee prisoners were about to be taken down to Van Buren, for incarceration in the penitentiary at that place. There were a few of the Missouri militia among the prisoners. The militia were handcuffed, two and two together, and in this way were marched out, and taken to Van Buren.

About ten o'clock, Colonel Bass marched our regiment up to headquarters for inspection, as he said, but, as I think, to make a display of his men. During the day, I obtained from one of the soldiers a short history of two deserters who had been executed one week before. One of them claimed to be a deserter from the Union army. He joined the Confederate army. Soon after he again resolved to desert, and persuaded another man to join him. They each stole a horse, and started in company for the Union lines, but were both caught, brought back, and shot. Ten men were appointed to execute the sentence, five to each man. My informant was one of the number. Some of

the guns were loaded with blank cartridges. The hands of the deserters were tied behind their backs, a red spot placed on their left breasts, and they were placed at the distance of about five yards. The Union deserter knelt down, and prayed to the last moment that Almighty God might give success to the cause of the Union, and bring all the plans and purposes of the rebels to confusion. He was shot while still praying. The other stood on his feet, and was shot at the same moment. My informant added that he did not know whether his gun was loaded with ball or not; but if it was, he was sure he had pierced the heart of one of the victims.

On the evening of this day, Colonel Bass sent out thirty-two men on picket, to relieve others who had been on duty. I was put on camp-guard, and was strongly inclined to desert during the night. I finally concluded that it would be safer to wait a day or two longer.

On Tuesday morning, the 7th, Colonel Bass received orders to march to Keetsville, to reinforce two cavalry regiments that were stationed at that place. These regiments were under the command of Colonels Johnson and Hopps, from Dallas county, Texas. Keetsville is on the Fort Smith and Springfield road, and

is about sixty-three miles from Springfield. While we were on the march from Ozark to headquarters, there was a rumor afloat that General Holmes was on his way from Little Rock to the headquarters of General Raines, with twenty thousand men, and that he was only a few days' march in the rear of our regiment. It was also said that an officer was ahead selecting encampments, engaging quartermasters' stores for the use of the army, and pressing the mills along the route to grind meal. A member of our regiment received a letter from Little Rock, stating that General Holmes was not coming to Missouri, in consequence of the presence of General Curtis in the neighborhood, who was likely to give him plenty to do without going elsewhere to seek for glory. On receiving this information, the men were depressed very much in spirit. Before, they had been quite buoyant, thinking that the combined forces of Generals Cooper, Raines and Holmes, aided by three regiments of cavalry, would be certain to rid Missouri of the Yankees. When our regiment was within a mile and a half of Keetsville, we came to the camp of Colonel Johnson. Being alarmed at the reported approach of the Union forces, he had left Keetsville, and retreated to this distance

from the town. Colonel Bass, instead of going on to Keetsville, ordered a halt, and arrangements were made to encamp within the distance of about four hundred rods of Colonel Johnson's regiment. Our camping ground was on the farm of an old secessionist. It had been occupied about ten months before by the Union army; and there was still standing a large number of ovens which had been built by the German soldiers. On the march to this camping ground, we passed, for a considerable distance, along a small stream, with high hills on both sides. Here many axes had been at work. For miles, nearly all the timber had been cut down in the valley and along the slopes of the hills. On inquiry, I found this had been done by order of General McCullough, when on the retreat from Springfield, to delay the progress of the Union army.

After completing our arrangements for encamping, I was notified by Captain Bruice that two of our mess, myself and another man, would be put on picket in the morning for twenty-four hours. I was ordered to prepare food for two of us for that time. Our mess had been reduced to three, two of our number having been detailed to assist in driving the beeves, and another was sent out as a guard

with the forage wagons. After supper, another was placed on camp guard. About nine o'clock, news arrived that we were going to be attacked. Orders were immediately issued to load the wagons and harness the mules, so as to be ready to march at a moment's warning, and, if necessary, to retreat as speedily. Every man was ordered to saddle his horse and fall into line. I never saw a worse frightened set of men; many were so greatly agitated and alarmed, that they were scarcely capable of motion, and they could hardly distinguish their own horses. In a little while, however, every captain had his men in line. Thinking that if we should be attacked a good opportunity for effecting my escape would be afforded, I plead hard with the captain to allow me to remain out of line, urging as reasons for this desire, that I was unarmed and undrilled. I asked in vain. The captain replied that if I had nothing to fight with, I was no more unfortunate than others; for many of the regiment were in the same dilemma, their guns having been sent to Fort Smith for repair, while they remained at Ozark, and were not yet returned. He also considerately informed me that, though unarmed and undrilled, I might be the means of saving the life of some armed and drilled soldier

by stopping the velocity of a Yankee bullet! This was cold comfort, but there was no help for it; I was obliged to file in; we were drawn up in line of battle within a few rods of Colonel Johnson's regiment, and kept in that position for several hours. How I longed for the attack! for I was resolved that I would be among the missing. But my wishes were not gratified. The colonel finally gave orders for every other man to fall back a few feet, so as to form a double file.' We were then ordered to dismount and sit down, and hold our horses by the bridle until morning. I saw several the next morning who had been pretty badly bruised and trampled, in consequence of going to sleep. As soon as it was clearly light, we returned to camp, and ate our breakfast by sunrise. Captain Bruce then called out thirty-two of his men, I being one of the number, and ordered us to be ready in a few minutes to go with him to relieve those who were on picket. He also provided me with a gun. At the appointed time, we set out for headquarters to receive orders. On our way, we met General Raines's men on the retreat, going to Frogg's Bayou, they having also heard of the rumored attack. As we passed along, I discovered that they were all armed with United States muskets, the

barrels and bayonets shining as bright as silver. I noticed that the artillery was principally in the rear. I was very uneasy, as we passed along, for fear of being recognized; and, to avoid the danger, kept my hat pulled down over my face as much as possible. This was no new fear. I was constantly in a state of great uneasiness, ever since we arrived at headquarters, and moved about as little as possible. I knew that if I should come in contact with General Cooper's men, I was almost sure of being recognized; for I was well acquainted with some of them, they being from my own county. Captain Bruce received orders to go out toward New Antonio, and relieve the first squad of pickets, and start them back to the regiment. A few men were to be left at this point, and the rest were to proceed to the next picket station, relieve those on duty there, then all return together to the first station, where Captain Bruce was directed to remain all night, and return to the regiment in the morning. The first picket station was at an old, dilapidated mill in McDonald county, Missouri. We reached it about two o'clock P. M. This was on Wednesday, the 8th day of October. The mill stood on the bank of the creek. Below the dam was the

crossing of the public road leading to the southward. It was the only crossing place within many miles. On arriving at the mill, we halted to relieve the men on duty. Now, thought I, is my time. If I could only persuade the captain to leave me at the mill, I would have a good chance for effecting my escape. I had heard the captain say that it would be after ten o'clock when they would return from the other picket station. It was about ten miles distant. Several were anxious to be left at the mill as well as myself. I alighted from my horse, hoping the captain would leave me for one. But no; he gave five others permission to stay, and ordered me to mount, saying that four men were plenty to leave on guard; he had now permitted five to remain, and could not allow any more to stay, for fear we might be attacked in going to relieve the other pickets. If we should be attacked, the more there were of us, the better chance would we have of defending ourselves. I grumbled, and made a good many excuses, stating that my horse's back was very sore; that, as I knew nothing of military tactics as yet, I would be of little account in case of an attack, &c. I soon found that it was his inten-

tion to take me along so that he could keep his eye on me.

I was very much disheartened, for I well knew that I would have no opportunity to escape in going to relieve the second squad of pickets, unless we should be attacked by the Federal pickets. It would be late when we would get back to the mill, so that my chance of escape would not be favorable. I was determined, however, to make an attempt to escape that day, let the consequences be what they would. Fortunately—and *very* fortunately, indeed, for me—just as we were fairly started from the mill, a young man whom I had accommodated, a few days before, by supplying him with a part of my lariat to make a halter for his horse, for which I would take no pay, interposed in my favor, and said: “Captain, the back of Luginbyhl’s horse *is* very sore; he is not fit to ride with such a back, and I think it would be better to let him remain with the others. Six will not be too many to guard the ford; and I think we will have plenty, without him, to reach the other station.”

“Well, Luginbyhl,” said the captain, “if that is the case, and as you appear rather scary, I suppose that I can let you remain.”

Reader, you may imagine my feelings; I

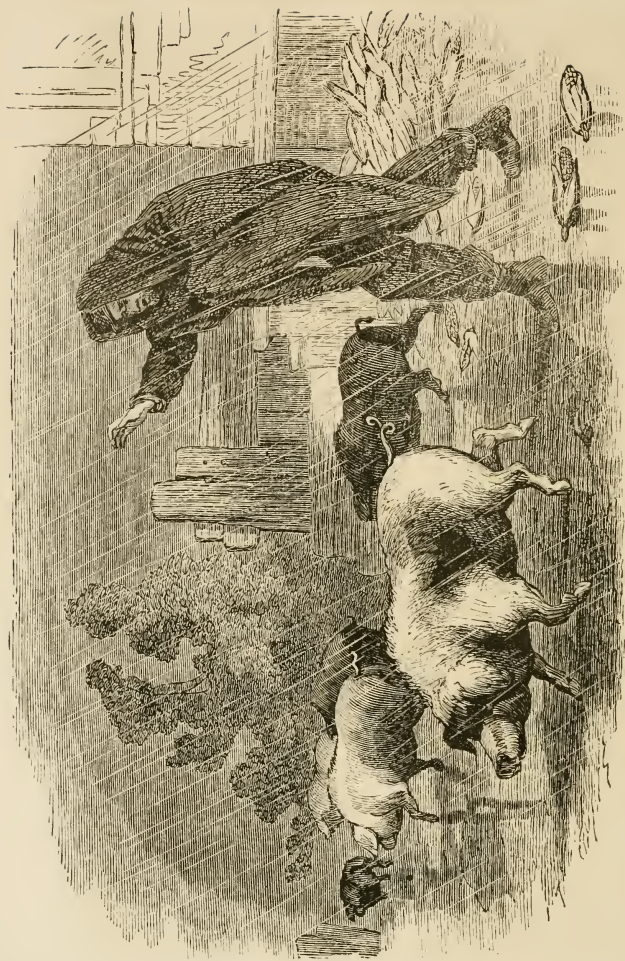
can not describe them. I wanted to get from under the captain's eye, and I had succeeded. I and three others were then ordered to go up the creek a short distance, and gather corn for our horses. We were ordered not to unsaddle them, lest, in case of an attack, we should not be prepared for it. We were directed, also, to gather corn sufficient for all the horses, and have it ready against their return. The day was very cloudy, and had been threatening rain all forenoon. The captain and his men were gone but a little while when it began to rain. This was fortunate for me; for the only man in our little company who, I feared, might suspect me, had the chills occasionally. When it began to rain, he remarked that he thought he was going to have a chill. He then got on his horse, and, after requesting me to tell the captain, when he returned, where he was, he rode down the creek a short distance, to a house which stood in sight. Before leaving, he also requested me to let him know in case the captain should determine to leave the mill during the night. This I readily promised to do, being abundantly glad to get him out of the way.

The rain continued to increase, and appearances indicated that it would continue for some

time. I did not intend to desert until near night, so as to have the advantage of darkness in case I should be pursued. In the meantime, I appeared to be anxious to obey the instructions we had received. The rain still continuing to fall pretty fast, I threw on my blanket, and said :

“Come on, boys, all of you except two, who must stay to guard the crossing. We may as well gather our corn, and have done with it, for it has no appearance of clearing up.”

Off I started, and they followed; and in a short time we had quite a pile of corn gathered and laid on the ground near the mill. We then unbridled our horses and gave each one his share on the ground; and, having completed our arrangements, we went into the mill and sat down. I hung up my blanket so that it might dry some against dusk, when I expected to need it again. In a few minutes, two of my comrades began to nod, and the other two were not far behind. They had slept little or none the night before; the weather was damp and cloudy; they had nothing to occupy their minds; and they were, therefore, very sleepy-headed. There was one among them who thought little of sleep. Other thoughts were too busy. Soon an unlooked-for circumstance aided me ma-



I got up, took my blanket, threw it over my head, went out, and began to clap my hands and shout at the hogs.—P. 207.

terially. I observed a drove of hogs coming down the creek. They were of all sizes, from the smallest to the largest. As soon as I saw them coming, it appeared to me that they were providentially sent to aid my purpose. I saw that now was my chance to escape without being suspected. The rain was falling in torrents. Very soon the hogs reached the mill, and began to eat the corn. I got up, took my blanket, threw it over my head, went out, and began to clap my hands and shout at the hogs. I chased them up the creek, and as soon as I was out of sight of the mill, I slipped into the underbrush, and was off on the double quick, Again I bade farewell to Dixie.

CHAPTER XII.

My Horse left behind—Celerity of Movement—Precautions against Surprise—A Hard Road to travel—A friendly Tree—A Comfortless Rest—Lost—An Alarm—Tight Boots in the wrong Place—Still bewildered—A Stranger—A dreary Night—The Wrong Way seems the Right Way—A Narrow Escape—Close to a whole Regiment of Rebels—A Bed in a Thicket—Lost Watch—A Talk with Rebel Women—Union Men—How I Lived on the Way.

As soon as I was fairly out of sight of the mill, I took a northward course, and hurried onward as fast as the thick underbrush would allow. I was careful to leave no traces of my footsteps, lest they should discover the course I took, and pursue me. I was obliged to leave my horse. The loss was nothing when compared with liberty and safety, for I knew that, if caught, death was my doom. To be shot by *rebels*, for deserting the rebel cause, and for following the dictates of my own conscience,—it was horrible to think of! It was nothing to leave my horse when my safety required it. He was newly shod; the country was broken and mountainous; a thick growth of underbrush covered the ground; in places it was almost impossible to proceed, even on foot; to escape on horse-

back was, therefore, impossible, unless I should travel by the public roads, and that would have been to expose myself to the constant danger of being arrested, taken back, and shot. It was after three o'clock when I set out after the hogs. Rough as the face of the country was, I seemed almost to fly. Every step seemed to be taken on springs. Miles appeared to be nothing in measuring, and I esteemed the distance as trifling, although it was eighty miles to Springfield, where I expected to report to the Federal authorities. My horse was doing very well when I left him; I had given him a good feed of corn, the first he had tasted, since daylight that morning, and he was putting it out of sight pretty fast, while his master was slipping through the underbrush, as much excited as a wild man.

I traveled about five miles in the general direction of the road leading to New Antonio, keeping at a considerable distance from the road, for fear of encountering some of General Cooper's men, who were said to be retreating southward. I then turned my course in a north-eastern direction, toward Springfield. Fearing pursuit, I determined to avoid all houses, so that my enemies should hear nothing of my whereabouts. I therefore avoided the

roads and kept in the woods. I had no defensive arms; my gun, which was a borrowed one, I left at the mill, not wishing to be encumbered with it; and the only thing I carried with me in the shape of a weapon, was a small pocket-knife. I was determined, however, not to be arrested by one or two, but to fight to the last with clubs and stones, and sell my life as dearly as possible, rather than surrender and allow myself to be shot like a dog. I cut a good stout club, which I used in my flight as a walking cane. As night approached, I came to a stream of considerable size, but after a little search, I found a shallow place, plunged in and crossed safely, not taking time to pull off my boots, for they were already as wet as water could make them. I had then to climb a mountainous bank some hundreds of feet in height, and almost perpendicular in many places. Pulling myself up by laying hold of rocks and bushes, I finally succeeded in reaching the top very much fatigued by the exertion. Excitement in some measure supplied the place of strength, and I pushed rapidly forward, up hill and down, sometimes becoming so entangled in the thick brush, that I would be obliged to get down on my hands and knees, and crawl for rods at a time, while I was completely soaked

with the falling rain and dripping brush. About two or three o'clock in the morning, as I was descending a hill, I came to a large tree which leaned very much. Feeling exceedingly fatigued, I determined to take advantage of the shelter which it promised, and rest awhile. It afforded a secure refuge from the wind and rain, but after all, I did not enjoy much rest. I could not sleep, and being very warm when I sat down, I soon began to shiver with cold. I found that if I did not try to warm myself, I was in danger of perishing. I therefore got up and started onward, but with a very different step, for my joints had become quite stiff and sore. I fortunately had the advantage of a full moon, and although the night was cloudy and wet, it was light enough to enable me to make my way through the wilderness with comparative ease; not being able to see the moon, however, it afforded me no assistance in making out the direction in which I was traveling. I soon became bewildered.

Early in the morning, I came in sight of an opening in the timber. It proved to be the public road. I approached it cautiously, and halted some distance from it to make observations. Neither hearing nor seeing any human being, I approached the road, and slipped over,

being very careful to leave no footmarks where I crossed. I had only passed a few hundred yards beyond, when I distinctly heard the clattering of a horse's feet on the road. I immediately sat down, being so completely screened by the underbrush as to make it impossible to see me from the road. I could see the road from my hiding-place, and soon discovered an armed man riding along at full speed. I did not know him, but I could not help thinking that he was on the search for me. I pushed on rapidly, not knowing whether I was traveling the right or the wrong course. I was constantly annoyed by water-courses, which, though mostly small at ordinary times, were now swollen to large-sized creeks by the heavy rains. A thin, light pair of boots, half a size smaller than I had been accustomed to wear, was my great annoyance. The wetness and roughness of the ground, and want of care in taking my steps, had caused them to run crooked. The one on my left foot ran to one side; the other ran over behind; and, at almost every step, my foot would draw partly out. To remedy the difficulty, I cut a strip off my blanket, and with my knife I cut a hole in my boot. Running the strip through this hole, I bound it round my ankle and instep. It obvi-

ated the difficulty in part, but not altogether; for I was still annoyed with it more or less, though I kept pushing on.

All this while, I had no correct idea of the direction in which I was traveling. I was lost. The rain still continued; clouds covered the sky; I could not obtain even a passing glimpse of the sun. I concluded that there was no use in wearing myself down in traveling, when I did not know whether I was right or wrong; so I stopped, hoping that it would clear up by and by. But no. After resting about two hours, I was disappointed. The rain began to descend in torrents again. I had often heard it stated that the north side of trees could be determined by the appearance of the bark. During my delay, I examined the trees around me, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion. The rain being very cold, I imagined that it must have come from the north. I also took out my pocket-handkerchief, and held it up by one corner, to find out the direction of the wind. But there was a strong breeze blowing, and I failed again, for my handkerchief fluttered in all directions. Finding that I gained no information by the delay, and being very anxious to reach a place of safety, I again set forward, hoping that, by some means, I

could gain a knowledge of my whereabouts. Late in the evening, as I was working my way, with considerable difficulty, through the underbrush, making a circuit in order to avoid a house at a little distance, I suddenly came to a path leading from the house, as I suppose, to a spring. As I was about to cross, I discovered a man at a little distance to my right. He had not seen me, and I might have passed on unobserved; but, being very anxious to find out where I was, I ventured to inquire. I knew that one man could not take me, and I felt pretty sure he would not make the attempt; for my blanket concealed my person so well that he could not discover that I was without arms. Addressing the man in a very surly tone, I said:

“What county is this, stranger?”

On hearing my voice, he looked around as if he was frightened; and, in truth, my appearance was enough to frighten him, and the tone of my voice was as surly and independent as if I carried with me the best and most effective weapons. In reply to my question, he said:

“This is Benton county, Arkansas, sir.”

I saw then that I was badly lost, but I continued:

“Where is the Fort Smith and Springfield road?”

"A few miles north of my house."

This information communicated a world of light. I knew that after I once got back to the road, by keeping along in its vicinity, and traveling in the same direction, I would eventually reach my destination. Fearing the man might suspect me of being a deserter, and that he might gather together some of his neighbors and pursue me, I determined to baffle him and throw him off his guard as much as possible, if he should make the attempt. I asked:

"Are there any houses along the road where I can stay over night?"

"Yes, sir, there are houses all along the road."

"What distance are they apart, generally?"

"Not very far, sir; you will find no difficulty whatever. There are plenty of houses all along."

After receiving this information, I retraced my steps rapidly, and soon reached the road. To my surprise, I was on the old battle ground near the headquarters of General Raines. I crossed over, being very careful to leave no footmarks in the road, and pressed onward, hoping to make better headway than I had done before. After traveling about two hours through tangled underbrush, over hills and

across streams, carefully avoiding all houses, I came to a rocky precipice many feet in height. Dreading pursuit by blood-hounds, and wishing to take measures to elude them, I searched for a few minutes along the precipice and found a place where I let myself down with great difficulty from rock to rock until I reached the bottom. I can safely say that no man ever descended in that place before. About ten o'clock, feeling a good deal the worse for my day's journey, the rain having ceased, I stopped for the night in a perfect thicket of underbrush, beneath the boughs of a large spreading oak. I cut a pile of pecan brush for a bed on which to stretch my weary limbs, and obtain some repose. But I could not sleep. Fear and the disagreeableness of the night banished rest. Through the long hours of that dreary night, I lay shivering and earnestly wishing for the dawn of day. It came at last. The rain ceased entirely after the middle of the night, but it still remained cloudy. As the day dawned, I discovered an opening through the trees. Getting ready for another day's journey, I went toward the opening, and found that it was the Fort Smith and Springfield road. I easily recognized it from the remains of old telegraph posts standing here and there. Becoming

bewildered again, during my few hours' travel in the evening, I could not for the life of me tell which end of the road to take. After a few minutes' meditation, the wrong end of the road, leading to Fort Smith, seemed to be the right one, and I started southward along the road, hoping that, if I were wrong, I would discover my mistake by some means before going far. It proved to be the case. I discovered that the road was full of horse tracks, all going the way I was traveling. Knowing that General Raines was on the retreat on Wednesday morning, and the stampede in camp on the last night I spent with the regiment of Colonel Bass, I came to the conclusion that I was traveling in the wrong direction. I at once retraced my steps, being, however, so completely bewildered that I could hardly persuade myself that I was not wrong in so doing. But I was not long in finding that I was now on the right track. I had not gone far, when I met four young men, who were unarmed and traveling on foot. As I passed, I inquired:

"How far is it to Keetsville?"

"Thirteen miles," was the reply.

"You are going the wrong course, are you not?" said they.

"No, I am all right," I replied, and passed on.

Fortunately the road made a short curve a little distance ahead. As soon as I turned the curve, I slipped into the brush on the left side of the road. It was well for me that I did, for I had not gone more than two rods from the road, when I heard the clatter of horses approaching. I squatted down immediately, so as to be concealed from view, and had scarcely done so, when fifteen or twenty soldiers, all armed, passed by. All this occurred before sunrise. So narrow an escape taught me caution. I pushed rapidly onward, keeping at a safe distance from the road, and kept a more vigilant lookout in every direction. I was much annoyed by coming in contact with plantations, sometimes being obliged to make a circuit of miles in order to shun them. The rain had ceased, but the weather still continued cloudy. I could only get an occasional glimpse of the sun, and, in consequence, lost my way again for some hours, in making a large circuit to get around some plantations. After considerable wandering, I again approached the road, and discovered a large flag waving in the breeze. I secreted myself, and saw a whole regiment pass by. I think it was my own regiment; if not, it was the regiment of Colonel Johnson or that of Colonel Hopps. About four

o'clock, I stopped to rest my weary limbs. For several hours I had not seen the sun. Soon after I stopped, the sun shone out for a few minutes, and, to my surprise, I discovered that I had been traveling in a westward direction, having again lost my way. After a short rest, I resumed my journey, which was now over a very rough part of the country; but I was rather pleased than otherwise with the nature of my route, as I had little fear of meeting any of my fellow beings in such a wilderness.

Night brought me to a precipice several hundred feet in height. Weariness almost forbade me to attempt the ascent, but anxiety to proceed prompted me to make the effort. With a good deal of difficulty, I succeeded. Having reached the top, I made arrangements to spend the night. On the summit of the ridge, there was a perfect thicket of underbrush. I cut a quantity of pecan brush, and made a bed by the side of a large log, which served to shelter me from the wind, covered myself with my blanket, and tried to rest my aching body. Very soon my attention was arrested by the lowing of an ox at a little distance, and immediately afterwards by the barking of a dog. I concluded that I was very near a house; but after having taken so much pains to prepare

my bed, I determined to remain where I was. This was Friday, the 10th of October; I shall never forget that night. It was clear and frosty. Sleep I could not, but lay shivering all night. Very early in the morning, I got up and started. Every thing was white with frost. After traveling a few rods through the brush, I came to a small field, and saw a house a short distance to my right. The field had been freshly plowed, but it had frozen so hard during the night, that it easily bore my weight, and I passed over it. I shall refer to this place again, ere I close. After traveling about two miles, I came to the place where I had left the regiment on the morning that I was sent out on picket. I then knew the distance to Keetsville. Wishing to know the time, I put my hand to my pocket to take out my watch, and discovered that it was gone. I at once inferred that I had dropped it out of my pocket during the night, as I lay tossing and rolling by the side of the log. I knew that I had it when I stopped the evening before, and concluded that it had dropped out of my pocket during the night. I did not return to get it, for my feet were very sore; I had made miserable progress; and I was still afraid of being captured. I determined to let my watch go, and pressed onward.

I was in constant dread, fearing that I had been advertised as a deserter, and that every body would be on the lookout for me. I passed within sight of Keetsville, and continued on in the direction of Springfield. This day my feet began to pain me very much, and I was compelled to stop and rest at times. Sometimes I almost despaired of proceeding any further; but, after a little rest, I would summon courage, and set out again, resolving that when I could not walk, I would crawl on my hands and knees, rather than venture to a house, until I felt satisfied that I was within the bounds of Uncle Sam's protection. After a most fatiguing day's journey, just as the sun was sinking in the horizon, I came in sight of a little log cabin, standing in a field of corn. As I came up opposite the house, I saw three women sitting on the outside. After satisfying myself that there were no men about, I determined to go boldly up to the house, and find out, if possible, if there were any Union men in the neighborhood. I went, called for a drink of water, which was handed to me, and then took a seat. I entered into conversation with the women, and very soon found out that they were bitter secessionists, and that they had two brothers in the rebel army, and were now living alone in con-

sequence of their absence. I of course claimed to be a rebel myself. They seemed to have some suspicion of me, for they kept eyeing my boots, which were almost torn to pieces, and also wanted to know where I lived, and why I was not conscripted. I replied that I lived in Bolivar, Polk county; that I was a teacher by profession, and that on this account I was exempt from conscription. I also told them that I had been down in the lower part of this county to see a sister; that while at my sister's, my horse had got away from me; and that I was now on my way back; that as I was not accustomed to walking, and my boots were too small, my feet had become very sore. All this appeared to be very satisfactory to them, and they asked no more questions. Now came my turn. I asked them how long their brothers had been in the army, and wanted to know if they did not think the Confederate army would soon rid Missouri of the Yankees. I also asked them if they knew where the Union army was, telling them that I was afraid that I might be caught on my way home by some of their scouts. I asked them if they knew of any person from whom I could procure a horse and a boy, to take me on a part of my journey. They said they did not know of any, except

two men living about a mile from there, pointing to a little by-road below the house.

"At the first two houses you come to," said they, "you will find men who have horses and boys, but they are both Union men, and of course you would not like to stop with either of them."

"No!" replied I, quite angrily; "I will crawl on my hands and knees before I will stop at a Union man's house." How my ear drank in the sound when they spoke the words "Union men!" In a few minutes I started on my way rejoicing, and in a short time arrived at the first Union man's house. His name is Ray. He was, unfortunately, absent from home, and his wife informed me that she did not expect him home that evening. I told her who I was, showed her my certificate, and, after she was satisfied that my account was a correct one, and that I was a good Union man, she directed me to the next neighbor's, Mr. Hammon, who, she said, was at home, and was a good Union man. I went on immediately, and was soon seated in his house. I told him my name, showed him my certificate, in order to remove all doubt from his mind, and corroborate my story. I was treated like a long-lost brother. It seemed as though the family

could not be kind enough, or do enough for me. Very soon the table was spread with an excellent supper. My appetite was ravenous; but prudence bade me to be careful, after so long a fast, and I therefore ate but little. Indeed, I had hardly thought of eating much, and had but very little to eat, as I shall show. This was the first time I felt hungry. After I sat down and rested, the soreness of my feet and the stiffness of my limbs were almost beyond expression. Fear, anxiety, and excitement were gone, and now I felt sensible of my true condition.

I may go back now, and tell the reader how I lived during my journey. It will be remembered that the day before I made my escape, I had been ordered to prepare biscuit for rations during twenty-four hours on picket. I had just got one skillet-full of six small biscuits baked, and another ready to bake, when the false alarm was given that we were going to be attacked. Of course there was no more baking that day. The next morning I finished my baking, and the three of us ate all our warm biscuits, leaving my comrade and myself only three cold biscuits apiece for twenty-four hours' rations. I ate one of them on my way to the picket station. I had two when I started from

the old mill. On Thursday, I gathered a few hazel-nuts—an article which I had not seen for years before. They were quite a delicacy. On Friday, I chanced to find a solitary apple-tree, which had the large number of three apples on it. These I easily secured, but they were too hard and sour to be palatable. On the same day, I gathered a few mustang grapes; but they were unripe, and by no means enticing food. When I reached Mr. Hammon's, I had most of my second biscuit left, having saved it on the supposition that I would probably be obliged to walk on to Springfield before I could safely venture to any house, and ask for food. I can frankly say that I did not suffer with hunger, for fear and excitement left no room for a strong desire for food. I knew not the moment I might be caught; and the knowledge of the doom of the two deserters who had been executed but a little over a week before, kept me in continual dread. The distance from the old mill, where I left my dozing companions, to Mr. Hammon's, could not be more than thirty miles, in a direct line; and yet, judging from the speed with which I traveled, I must have walked above a hundred miles. I was much discouraged, on Thursday evening, when I found myself in Benton county,

Arkansas; but it may have been a very fortunate mistake for me; for if scouts were sent out after me, they would naturally scour the country northward, while I was going south. My only great suffering was in consequence of tight boots. To this day, my feet bear the scars of the sores caused by that terrible journey.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fireside Conversation—Bushwhacking—Mr. Ray—A Temporary Cripple—Meet the Union Soldiers—A Contrast—Cassville—Report to General Schofield—Prisoners—Questions and Answers—A Letter—Under Guard—Paroled—Find my Watch—Visit a Secessionist—Mail Carrier Shot.

THE last chapter left me comfortably seated by the fireside of Mr. Hammon. Conversation naturally turned on the exciting topics of the times—particularly the state of things in south-western Missouri.

“When the war first began,” said Mr. Hammon, “and the rebel army was in this part of the country, the secessionists would inform the army of the Union men, and then the rebels would drive off their stock, and take every thing else they needed. Then, after the battle of Pea Ridge, when the Union army had possession here, the Union men retaliated, and informed the soldiers of the men who were known to be of rebel proclivities, and they were robbed in turn. These proceedings created the bitterest enmity, and bushwhacking was the inevitable result. Men are shot every day in these clannish affrays.” He then told

me that this was the reason of Mr. Ray's absence from home. His life had been threatened by the secessionists, who declared they would shoot him as soon as they got their eyes on him. He was obliged to lie out in the woods, keeping his gun constantly by him, and could visit his house only at the dead hours of night, to get something to eat, and was then obliged to be off again to his hiding-place. It was common, he said, for men of both parties to live in this way, each being in constant fear of the other. He said the woods were full of bushwhackers, both Union men and secessionists; and he expressed surprise that I should have escaped both parties, for I stood a fearful chance of being shot by both—by the Union men for a secessionist, and by the secessionists for a Union man. "It is certainly a miracle," said he, "that you escaped both." I replied that if he could only see the road I traveled, he would not wonder so much at my escape. He was a man who had not taken a very active part in giving information against the secessionists, and no threats had been made against him, although he was known to be a Union man.

Being anxious to report to the Federal authorities as soon as possible, lest I should be

taken for a rebel spy, I inquired of Mr. Hammon where the Union army was stationed, and where would be the nearest place to report. He replied that General Schofield was on the march, and would pass within three miles, on the Springfield and Cassville road, on his way to the latter place. I had left this town about eight miles to the south of me on my way to his house. Morning came. I was unable to walk. Mr. Hammon furnished me with a horse, which, with his assistance, I mounted, and he accompanied me on another. Nine o'clock found us on the Springfield road, and in the course of an hour we met a part of General Schofield's forces, the rest having taken different roads. What a glorious appearance they made! All were mounted and well equipped, dressed in becoming uniform. I could not help noticing the great contrast between them and the tatterdemalions of the Confederacy. Uncle Sam's men looked like gentlemen in comparison. As they came up, we fell in, and marched down to Cassville. As soon as the soldiers found that I was a deserter from the rebel army, they rode by turn alongside of me, all being desirous of learning how I made my escape, and pressing me with numerous questions. Being with the

soldiers enabled me to pass the pickets without annoyance. When we arrived at Cassville, I made inquiry for General Schofield's headquarters, and was conducted to a large hotel, where I found him. I had to obtain assistance in getting off my horse, and found great difficulty in walking after I dismounted. This day was Sabbath, the 12th day of October.

Cassville is the county-seat of Barry county, Missouri. It is a small place, but it contains some very valuable buildings. The courthouse, standing on the public square, in the center of the town, is a large and costly building. It is a brick structure, and is two stories high. The lower story contains a hall running through the entire length of the building. On either side of the hall, there are two apartments; all of them, at the time of which I speak, were filled with commissary stores. The second story consists of three apartments; one was occupied by the Provost Marshal; the others were used as prisons, there being about thirty prisoners in them at the time, most of them citizens who had been arrested for bushwhacking, a few deserters, and a few who had been captured at the battle of New Antonio.

On reporting to General Schofield, I was requested, as is usual, to give all the information

that I possessed respecting the rebels. I was put through a regular course of questioning, such as, where was I born and brought up? where and at what time was I conscripted? when and where did I first desert? where was I arrested and returned to the army under my assumed name? where did I again desert? how many men had the rebels in the field? were they well armed? what kind of arms were they mostly supplied with? how many men had General Raines? how many had General Cooper? how many regiments were at Keetsville? were they expecting reinforcements? &c. &c. Most of the above questions have been answered in the preceding pages. Such of them as have not, I will now answer for the information of the reader. General Raines had eight pieces of artillery under his control. Generals Cooper and Steinwitz's united forces were about equal to those under command of General Raines. The regiment of Colonel Bass was very poorly equipped, being armed principally with double-barreled shot-guns, as, indeed, most of the Texan soldiers were. I saw a few men purchasing revolvers at their own expense, and they were obliged to pay one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece for them. A few also bought sabres on their own account, for

which they had to pay fifteen dollars apiece. There were at the time three thousand and five hundred unarmed conscripts at Elm Springs, in Benton county, Arkansas.

The united forces of Generals Schofield and Totten consisted of about fifteen thousand men, mostly in the vicinity of Cassville on the day that I reported at that place. On the following Tuesday morning, they marched into Arkansas, expecting to offer battle to the enemy; but when the rebels heard of their coming, they put off toward Van Buren. After manœuvering for about two months, Schofield succeeded in bringing them to an engagement. I will allow a young soldier with whom I became acquainted at Cassville, and who participated in the engagement, to describe it. I received a letter from him a little while afterwards, the correctness of which I think I can vouch for. It is as follows:

CAMP SCHOFIELD, February 7, 1863. }
Co. D, Sixth Missouri Cavalry. }

Friend Fisher—

Yours of January 20th is at hand. In reply, I would say that it found me well. I was very glad to hear of your safe return home. I think sincerely that you deserve praise for making your escape from those deluded devils and inhuman wretches. We have had a fight with them since I saw you. The fight took place on Sabbath, the

seventh day of December, and continued until dark. During the night, the rebels tore up their blankets, and wrapped the wheels of their artillery wagons, and retreated without being discovered. On the pursuit the next morning, we could track them for miles from the battle ground by the strips of blankets which had been cut from the wheels in passing over the rocks. We pursued them as far as Van Buren, expecting to get another fight out of them at that place. But no. The stampede had been so great that they would not stand fire. They would stop a few minutes, and let fly a few rounds from their artillery, but as soon as our batteries came up and let fly at them, they were off again. We captured three of their boats which had just come up the river from Little Rock, laden with sugar, molasses, bacon, crackers, clothing and arms. We also captured two ferry-boats and a hundred and sixty or seventy commissary wagons, besides a large stock of commissary goods which we found stored in town. The trip paid us very well.

You stated that you had heard that Springfield had fallen into the hands of the rebels. We heard the same report, and also that they had burned the city; but it is all a mistake. General Marmaduke had between five and seven thousand men when he made the attack, but he did not accomplish his design. He was met by Brown, who made him scamper in short metre. This battle was fought by the militia and a few of the citizens who came to town and fought like heroes, some of them at the same time being exempt from military duty on account of age, and unable to stand up straight for twenty years past. After his defeat at Springfield, Marmaduke thought he would try Lebanon, but unfortunately for him, he fell into the hands of some of the Kansas troops, and got worse whipped than before, for they drove him out of Missouri altogether, over the line into Arkansas.

Major Montgomery is well; the Quartermaster and Provost Marshal are both at Helena, on the Mississippi. General Schofield is still with us. The prisoners who were here before you left, have been sent to Springfield, all except a few who joined our battalion. The people here think that peace will soon be made; tell me if there is any such talk in Ohio.

Yours respectfully,

R. D. BOWLBY.

General Schofield left Major Montgomery in charge of a part of the Sixth Missouri Regiment, to guard Cassville. After reporting to General Schofield, he asked me if I had any acquaintances about Cassville who could vouch for the correctness of my statements. I told him I had not. He then stated that in accordance with military law, he would be obliged to keep me under guard for a short time. I was very well satisfied with the arrangement, for I felt as if I was among brothers, and was as well treated as if I had been. As to a guard, there was no necessity for any; and even if I had been a rebel spy, there would not have been much necessity, for I was in no condition to attempt an escape, had I desired to do so. I was almost a cripple, and was very unwell for some days. With proper care and a few doses of calomel, I was soon restored to my usual health. During my illness, I wrote a letter to my father. I had

not heard from home for something near two years. I was anxious not only to hear from home, but also that my friends should know of my safety. I handed the letter, after I had written it, to the major to peruse and direct. After reading a few lines, he returned it to me, saying that he was satisfied that I was all right, and told me to direct the letter myself, which I did. The major laughed, and remarked that I wrote a pretty good hand for a rebel. The next day he paroled me. I was now at liberty to go where I pleased within the limits of Cassville, without a guard. I was the only deserter who enjoyed this favor. I was required to remain in Cassville until the major should get orders from General Schofield respecting what should be done with me. The Provost Marshal being pretty busy, called upon me occasionally to assist him, which I very willingly did.

There were three hospitals in the place, in which there were about two hundred and fifty sick soldiers belonging to General Schofield's division. Out of this number, about two per week died on an average—a very small proportion. In conversation one day with the Provost Marshal, I remarked that I had lost my watch the last night that I lay out in the woods. He asked me if I thought I could find

the place again. I told him that I could readily do so. He then told me that I was at liberty to get a horse from one of the soldiers, and go and recover my watch. I replied that I was afraid of the bushwhackers, and would not go unless I could get some of the men to accompany me. This he readily granted, and accordingly, I and three soldiers set out immediately. We easily found the place, and I got my watch lying under the pecan brush, as I had supposed. We then went and examined the ridge that I had clambered up, and a fearful looking place it was; it appeared almost impossible that a man could climb up such a place. After satisfying our curiosity in looking at the precipice, we called on the gentleman living near by, as the reader will remember. He was not long in letting us know that he was a Union man, and that he had taken no part in assisting the rebels. He was formerly a citizen of Wood county, Ohio, whence he removed to Indiana, and from Indiana he had come to Missouri. He told me that if he had known that I was lying so near his house on the night in question, he would have saved me from suffering with the cold, and from the painful journey of the following day. This would have been pleasing and desirable enough, certainly, but I did not know

that I was so near a friend, and was afraid to venture toward the house, lest I should again fall into the hands of the Philistines.

One of the soldiers then asked him if he knew of any secessionists in the neighborhood. He replied that he did, and mentioned the name of one living about a mile distant. He told us how we could reach his plantation, and then invited us to stop on our way back, and get dinner. In a short time we found ourselves at the rebel's house, and calling at the door, his wife made her appearance. On inquiring if her husband was at home, she replied that he was, and pointing to a new house at the distance of about three hundred yards across a little ravine, she said that we would find him there. One of the soldiers rode over to the place, but could see no one. He then got off his horse and looked under the house and all round it, but no Mr. Secessionist could he find. The bird had flown on the first appearance of the "blue-coats," who are a great dread to all of his feather. Our object in the visit was to exchange some Confederate money for a secessionist horse. We returned to the house of our Union friend, who fed our horses; and during our stay, his wife prepared for us an excellent dinner, consisting of chicken pot-pie,

Irish and sweet potatoes, &c. After dinner we returned to Cassville. The next day, on the very road we traveled, the mail-carrier was shot, near Keetsville, and the mail robbed. The unfortunate man was left for dead by the assassin, but, when found, was still living. He was brought to Cassville, and lived twenty-four hours. Eleven buckshot were lodged in his body. On the same evening that he was brought into Cassville, the pickets brought in two rebel deserters—conscripts from Arkansas. They said that they had traveled about five miles to the right of Keetsville, and had stopped to get something to eat, with a man whose name was Brewer. Being dressed in rebel style—coarse homespun—they passed for rebels. They told him they were going home on furlough to get their wives, who were living on Wilson creek, to take them to Arkansas, and then intended to return to their company. Brewer said that there were others home on furlough in that neighborhood, but that they did not intend to go back. "Why?" said the refugees. "Because," said Brewer, "they are in better business—they are bushwhacking." The deserters further stated that, after they left Brewer's house, they met another secessionist, to whom

they told the same story. While talking with him, they saw some man cross the road ahead, clad in blue. They pretended to be greatly alarmed; but the man told them that they need have no fear, for he knew who he was. The next morning, the Major sent his son, who was captain of a company in the Sixth Missouri regiment, with a squad of men, to attend to Brewer and his associates. One of the deserters was sent back as a guide. He was distinctly told that, if he and his comrade were found to have lied, he would be shot on the spot. But he displayed no fear, and said he could take them to the very spot. The Major ordered his son to go first to Brewer's house, and shoot him, and every man he found lurking about the premises. These orders were given in my presence. How they were executed, I will relate in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Prisoners—Brewer Shot—Threats—Obstinacy—Rough Usage—Dirt—Underground Telegraph—Offer of a Position as a Recruiting Officer—History of Colonel Bass—Leave Cassville, and go to Springfield—More Texan Refugees—Their Story—Wholesale Hanging—Extract from the Houston Telegraph—Springfield—Homeward Bound—Home.

THE Major's son and his squad returned in the evening, bringing with them a number of prisoners. Among the prisoners was the man who had told the refugees that he knew the fellow who had crossed over the road on the day before. They shot Brewer and another man whom they found lurking in the brush a short distance from Brewer's house. On the following morning, the Major went to interrogate the prisoners. I followed, to hear their statements. They all plead innocent, and denied that they were bushwhackers, and affirmed that they had no knowledge of any such men. The Major used them very roughly, in order to compel them to give information. He told them that he would give them a day to make up their minds, and that if they did not tell him, by sundown, who the bushwhackers were, he

would hang them as high as Haman, and then cut them down, and throw their bodies to the hogs. He made these threats in order to frighten them; but they were not so easily frightened, and he accomplished nothing. He did not intend to hang them, and finally sent them to Springfield to work on the fortifications. He told them, however, that, on the firing of the first gun by citizens, he would burn all the houses and fences within five miles, belonging to secessionists. On the evening of the same day, a regiment from Kansas encamped at Cassville. As they passed through Keetsville, on the next day, on their way to Arkansas, they burnt every house in the place.

After the major had finished the examination of the prisoners, seeing that I was pleased with the way he did business, he stepped up to me and said: "Well, Fisher, I am not going to keep you here any longer, for I am satisfied of your loyalty. I have received no orders from General Schofield, but I will take it upon myself to give you a pass as soon as you can get an opportunity to go to Springfield."

During my stay at Cassville, the major kept out a scouting party every day to scour the country for bushwhackers. Hardly a day passed without some prisoners being brought

in. On one of Captain Montgomery's trips down into the edge of Arkansas, he was informed of an old secessionist in the neighborhood, and paid him a visit. On reaching his house, about two o'clock, he found the old fellow in bed sleeping. The captain demanded his arms. He replied that he had none; but the captain stepped up to the bed, raised the bolster, and there lay a loaded pistol. He again demanded the old rebel's gun, but he said his son had it in the Confederate army. Just then one of the soldiers discovered a wiping stick, and took it down and handed it to the captain. He took the stick, and flailed the old sinner with it until he broke it, and then began to punch him with the piece that remained in his hand; it was all to no purpose; he still insisted that he had no gun except the one which his son had in the army. The captain told him he lied; that he had his gun hidden somewhere. He then ordered one of the men to go and get a rope off one of the horses, and said he would compel the old rebel to give up his gun, or hang him. He put the rope round his neck, led him out into the yard, threw the rope over the limb of a tree, and jerked him up. As soon as he found that the captain would hang him, he yelled out for them to let him down, and he

would tell where his gun was concealed. They did so; and he went into the house, raised a puncheon of the floor, and took out his gun, newly loaded, and as bright as a dollar. The captain took charge of it, and also brought the old man to Cassville and put him in among the rest of the prisoners. He was a hard looking customer. He was apparently about fifty years of age, and looked as bold and impudent as a lion. He was dressed in a butternut suit. The skirt of his coat reached to his knees. He wore a long thick gray beard, and from unmistakable indications, I think he brought a good many "body guards" along with him. They are very common, particularly among the rebel soldiers, and to describe all I have seen of such things, would be but to disgust my readers.

The movements of our army were always known to the rebels in time to prepare for them. The "underground telegraph" did a flourishing business. Its operations were conducted by rebel women, something in this way: They bring pies, cakes and other articles into camp, and exchange with the soldiers for coffee. While effecting their exchange, they would obtain a knowledge of our contemplated movements in some way. The intelligence thus obtained would be carried to the first secession

family; by some of its female members to the next; by some of them to the next, and so on, until, in an astonishingly short space of time, it was known to the rebel generals. Time and again have they escaped defeat and capture in this way.

During my stay in Cassville, the Provost Marshal repeatedly insisted on my going into Arkansas as a recruiting officer, telling me that I was the right kind of a man to go. I refused the offer, however, thinking I had already suffered enough at the hands of the rebels, without exposing myself to fresh dangers.

On the morning of the 1st of November, I had an opportunity of going to Springfield. I spoke to the major about it, and he at once sent orders to the Provost Marshal to give me a pass. He did so, also directing the Provost Marshal at Springfield, Mr. Snitzler, to give me a pass to St. Louis. I arrived in Springfield on the 2d, and found lodgings at a place where two gentlemen, just from Texas, were boarding. Five of them, they said, had come through together—a father and his two sons and two neighbors. They left Texas soon after I did. Their story may be briefly told: While the conscript law was being enforced, they volunteered to escape conscription, all of them being

liable except the father of the two boys. They volunteered, and were assigned to Randolph's Brigade, stationed in the Choctaw Nation. Before volunteering, they had belonged to a secret society, organized to find out the strength of the Union men in the State, after it had become dangerous for a Union man to utter his sentiments. Shortly after they volunteered, they organized in the brigade. The society increased in numbers rapidly, and very soon a large number of officers belonged to it. Their plan was, as soon as they got a majority of the brigade, to march for the Union lines. But a sad disappointment awaited them, and a terrible punishment was meted out to *some* of them. They were betrayed by a couple of men from Missouri, as was supposed. These men had but lately come into the brigade, and soon after joined the organization, just before the secret was divulged. Before they had any intimation of being betrayed, they were taken across Red river to Sherman, Texas. Here the rebel authorities began a wholesale hanging. No man who was proved to belong to the organization was spared. The men, on their part, terrified at such merciless butchery, began to desert and scatter like wild buffaloes. My informant said they resided in Cook county, near Gainesville,

and as soon as they saw the savage intentions of the rebel authorities, they determined to reach their homes.

On the same night, they crossed Red river at the mouth of Fish creek. They kept on in a northward direction, and with the assistance of Indian guides, whom they procured at great expense, they finally succeeded in reaching the lines of the Union army. On the evening they left, the rebels hung thirty men in Sherman. For the benefit of any of my readers who may be disposed to discredit these statements, I will present an extract from the *Houston Telegraph* and copied into the *Pittsburg Evening Chronicle*, of Thursday, December 4th, 1862. The following is the article :

“We have been permitted by the governor to look over the official accounts of the discovery of the secret Abolition organization in Northern Texas, and the quick justice meted out to the traitors. The organization appears to have been one of recent date. It purports to have been started in the North, and to embrace numbers of the Northern army in its fold. It also extends to several companies of the organized militia of Northern Texas. How far it extends in that direction we are not prepared to say. The bulk of its membership in Texas is in Cook, Wise, Denton and Grayson counties. It also reaches down to Austin. Its first pre-

tended object is to resist conscription. Its chief object is to keep up a spy system for the Northern army. It has a grip, a sign, and a password. In case a member divulges, he is to be hunted to the ends of the earth. In case of a draft of the militia to meet a Northern invasion, the members are to go along and desert when a battle comes on. The testimony elicited also points to an invasion of Texas, *via* Kansas. It also refers to a current invasion by way of Galveston, and that both armies are to meet in Austin. The organization has been found to extend to all classes of the community, clergymen, professional men, farmers, &c. Among the number, we are pained to find the name of Dr. R. T. Lively, of Sherman, a member of the Masonic Grand Lodge of this State, and heretofore most highly esteemed, having enjoyed some of the highest offices in the body. The whole substance and machinery of the organization have been discovered. A jury of twelve men have been empannelled in each county, and the guilty parties are brought before it and the evidence taken. It is in every case so conclusive, that there is no getting round it. Several of the guilty have, after condemnation, made a full confession, and, while under the gallows, declared that they deserved death. In Gainesville, twenty-two men have been hung. Trials are now going on in all the counties. The testimony goes to show that most of the initiated have joined the society since the 15th of September."

After my escape, I learned a little of the

history of Colonel Bass from a rebel physician, who had been captured at the battle of New Antonio. The physician was from Sherman, Texas. After learning who I was, and the regiment to which I belonged, he gave me the colonel's personal history, which is as follows:

He was a lawyer by profession, and was a besotted drunkard, a scoundrel and a vagabond. So reduced was he in circumstances, that he had neither decent clothes nor money to get any. The citizens of Sherman, the doctor being one among the number, raised money and bought him a suit of clothes, and furnished him with money to carry him to Richmond and back. He got a commission from the President to raise a regiment of cavalry, and by going into a part of the country where he was not known, he accomplished the undertaking.

Springfield is very well fortified with breast-works and intrenchments. A small force could hold it against a vastly superior force of the enemy. It is the largest town in south-western Missouri. It is built in an elevated situation on the Ozark mountains. It is to south-western Missouri what New York is to the United States.

On Monday morning, the 3d, I called at the Provost Marshal's office and presented my pass. He gave me a pass to St. Louis, after I had taken the oath of allegiance, which is as follows:

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE
TO THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

249

I, *GEORGE A. FISHER*, County of Denton, State of Texas, do solemnly swear that I will support, protect, and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States, and the Provisional Government of the State of Missouri, against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I will bear true faith, allegiance, and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; and, further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by the laws of the United States. And I take this oath without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever, with a full and clear understanding that death, or punishment by the judgment of a military commission, will be the penalty for the violation of this, my solemn oath. And I also swear that, under no consideration, will I go beyond the military lines of the United States forces, so help me God.

GEORGE A. FISHER. [SEAL.]

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 3d day of November, 1862. By order
W. F. BALINHAM,

Lieut. and Asst Provost Marshal General, S. W. Dist. Missouri.

SAFEGUARD.

And this oath, taken and subscribed by the aforesaid, shall be his safeguard, unless violated in any of its obligations.

F. A. SWITZLER,
Lieut. Col. and Provost Marshal General, S. W. Dist. Missouri.

No. 4625.

AGE, 27.

HEIGHT, 5 feet 8 inches.

EYES, Grey.

HAIR, Dark.

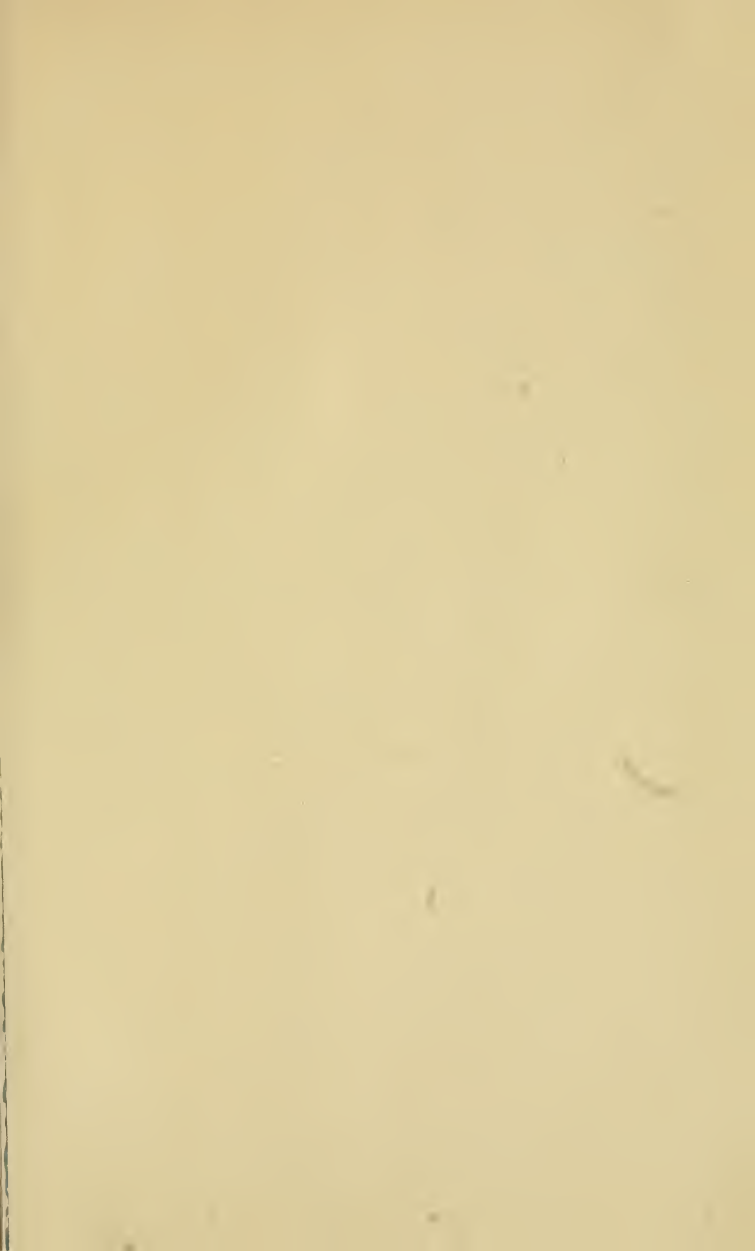
After a short delay, I reached Rolla on the evening of the 8th, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Springfield. On the following morning I took the cars for St. Louis, and arrived in that city at eight o'clock in the evening, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. On Monday evening, the 10th, I left the city for my father's, and reached home the following evening—three days behind my letter.

Home once more! The pleasure was sufficient to repay me for all my toils, dangers, and privations. I was once more among the scenes of my childhood and youth; I was among freemen. Long years had intervened since I bade farewell to the dear old home where lessons of liberty and loyalty had been so often taught. Little did I dream of what awaited me before I should again return to the paternal fireside.

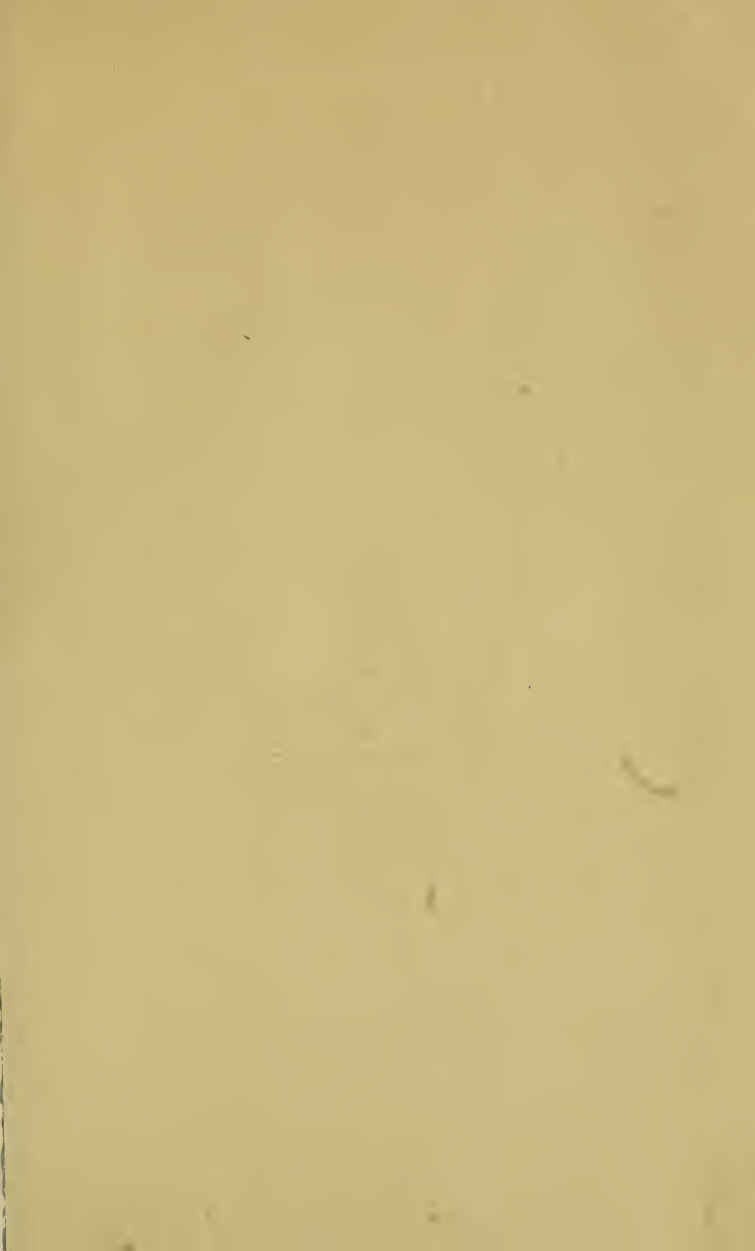
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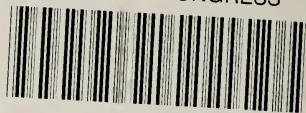
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